

# ACTION POEMS

## And PLAYS For CHILDREN



Illustrations  
by  
Anne  
Merriman  
Peck

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

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ACTION POEMS AND PLAYS  
FOR CHILDREN



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# ACTION POEMS AND PLAYS *for* CHILDREN

BY

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH



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## PREFACE

IT IS somewhat difficult to describe the brief and simple entertainments or diversions contained in this little volume, for they are not plays, with two exceptions, nor are they pageants or pantomimes.

They may, perhaps, best be called action-poems, illustrated verses, or tableaux with rhymed accompaniment. As to that, the name by which they are labelled hardly matters if they only suit the folk, young and old, for whom they were written. They have all been published, and all been many times performed, and if unfavorable criticisms have been made upon them, these have not yet reached the author's ears. They have grown out of a long experience with children in dramatic work, and the knowledge that brief entertainments for special occasions are often greatly needed, when there is no time for the learning of parts. The story in each one of these action poems is given by a Reader, who may be provided with the manuscript, and so the performers have only to prepare their costumes, or have them prepared for them by older hands, and rehearse their poses for the tableaux.

The first number in the collection, "*Children of the May-flower*," is the most elaborate, and although the boys in a certain public school of my acquaintance made themselves all the required furnishings and fittings when it was produced, yet older people would often be needed for its perfect setting forth, and would enhance its value.

A small stage, 13 x 9 feet, has been the one most used in the

production of the tableaux, and as a more diminutive one could hardly be found in any school, the producer, whatever his limitations, may at least be sure that he will have room enough to work out his effects.

Many years spent in teaching have convinced me that children (and no doubt grown people) enjoy more and profit more in dramatic work when they are led to imagine, and as far as possible construct, their own costumes, furniture and scenery. The powers that guide amateur theatricals are certainly inclined to smile upon those who help themselves.

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH.

*Quillcote-on-Saco*  
*Hollis, Maine.*



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# CHILDREN OF THE "MAYFLOWER"

## CHARACTERS

Reader  
Prudence  
Love  
Remember  
Other Pilgrim Children  
Dutch Children  
Indian Lad  
John Alden  
Myles Standish  
Elder Brewster  
Pilgrim Men and Women  
Samoset  
Other Indians  
Indian Mother and Papoose





## CHILDREN OF THE "MAYFLOWER"

### *A Metrical Story, in Nine Tableaux*

Down in an English garden, bordered with privet hedges,  
 Gay with the buds of the summer, rosy and purple and yellow,  
 Prudence and Love and Remember, buds of a Puritan household,  
 Played in their serious fashion, decorous, seemly and sober.

Love, with a tattered book, and spectacles twisted of grasses,  
 Laid down the law to a flock, seen by no eye but the preacher's;  
 Prudence was shaping a sail for a rough little boat that Remember  
 ber

Purposed to launch in the brook when 'twas fitting and ready for  
 service.

Down from his pulpit came Love, seeing the voyage preparing,  
 Set the rude craft on the wave, favoured it out of the harbour.  
 Armed with an apple-tree twig, deftly the little Remember,

Guided the boat on its way over the water to freedom.—  
 "Over the water," the children sang, "over the sea to Holland!"

### TABLEAU I

#### *Puritan Children in Scrooby Garden*

This was the village of Scrooby, neighbor to Sherwood Forest,  
 Home of a Puritan band, stalwart and strong in religion,  
 Resolute never to follow the will of King James for his churches,  
 Using no prayers but their own, ritual, music, nor service,  
 Praising the God of their faith after their Puritan fashion.  
 Ridiculed, prisoned and fined, still they were strong in believing,  
 Yet did they ardently crave respite from such persecution,  
 Purposing now to embrace freedom and safety in Holland.  
 Puritans had they been termed, soon did they call themselves  
 Pilgrims,

Travelling ever and aye "tow'rd Heaven, their dearest of coun-  
 tries."

Nor was it long till the band, leaving the home of their fathers,  
 Journey'd with staff and with scrip to the land of the dike and  
 the windmill.

Wondrous to Prudence and Love, wondrous to little Remember  
 Streets where the boats up and down fared on the shimmering  
 water.

Strange were the houses of brick painted in pink and in yellow;  
 Stranger were Peter and Karl, fat little Jan and Katrina,  
 Shod in their thick wooden shoon, chattering Dutch to each other.  
 Gay little playmates and kind, soon were they friends with the  
 English;

Soon did they gambol and play, using the language of childhood.

### TABLEAU II

#### *Dutch and Pilgrim Children Playing "Ring-a-round-a-Rosy"*

Years travelled quietly by in the watery land of the tulip,  
Children were born and grew up, old folk fared hopefully on-  
ward;

Yet had the Pilgrims no rest, yet did they seek an abiding  
Far from the land that they knew, still to America turning.  
Many the meetings and plans, fervent the minister's praying;  
Far was the Land of the Promise, little they knew of its nature;  
Only they knew that 'twas vast, only they knew it spelled freedom,  
Freedom to worship and work, room for themselves and their  
children.

Toiling and praying the band, led by the light of their vision,  
Gathered their worldly possessions, backward to England turned  
them,

Thence with a few of their friends, godly in mind and in purpose,  
Sailed in two ships of their choice, *Flow'r of the May* and the  
*Speedwell*.

### TABLEAU III

#### *Embarkation of the Pilgrims*

---

Soon did the *Speedwell* return, false to her name and her rating.  
*Mayflower* back to the shore, guarded her suffering sister,  
Then with her passengers brave, sped on her way o'er the water.  
Incense of song and of prayer rose from her hold and her cabin;  
Gloomy and dark though the way, fair shone the future before  
them.

Maidens and matrons were there; Prudence and little Remember,  
Older and wiser become, minded their book and their sampler;  
Love, on the turbulent deck, followed Myles Standish, the Cap-  
tain.

Five score of Pilgrims embarked, goodwives and goodmen and  
children,

Then through the storm and the wave hurried another wee  
Pilgrim,  
Straight to the arms of his mother, eagerly waiting to hold him.  
Child of the Ocean was he, Ocean in truth did they name him,  
Joy of the voyage to all, treasure and pleasure and plaything.

## TABLEAU IV

*Oceanus Hopkins in the "Mayflower" Cabin*

Week followed comfortless week on the brave and adventurous  
journey;  
Staunch was the *Mayflower* still, facing the wind and the tempest.  
Twice thirty days did they sail, faithful and prayerful and hopeful,  
Till in the chill of November, land was descried in the distance.  
Prudence and Love and Remember, dreaming of parrots and  
palm-trees,  
Saw but a desolate shore, heard but the thunder of breakers.  
Silent and cold was the land, dark was the forest behind it;  
Freedom might wait for them there, peril and danger were  
certain.  
Still were the Pilgrims content, confident God would preserve  
them,  
Counting their trials below, helps on their heavenward journey.  
While that they drifted and sailed, gazing all eagerly landward,  
Came yet another aboard,—Peregrine White did they call him,  
Pilgrim by birth and by name, child of the water and freedom.  
Soon must they find an abode, house all these mothers and  
children,  
Anchor the *Mayflower* now, row to the land in the shallop.  
This was a venture for men, resolute, stalwart and sturdy,  
Yet did Love find him a place, noted of none in the hurry.



Near to John Alden he stood, close by Myles Standish, his hero.  
Swiftly they stepped from the boat; now was their journeying  
ended,

Raising their voices they prayed, thanking the mighty Jehovah.

## TABLEAU V

### *Landing from the Shallop*

High on the *Mayflower* deck, Prudence and little Remember,  
Ringed by the rest of the flock, Damaris, Francis and Joseph,  
Samuel, Wrestling, John, Constance, Desire and Mary,  
Soberly, quietly watched the shallop swing over the water.  
What would they find on the shore? Welcome and comfort and  
plenty?

Nay, but a frost-bitten land, wrapped in the shroud of the winter.  
Naught could they see but the trees, pointing their evergreen  
steeple,

Save on the crest of a hill the vanishing form of a savage.  
Hurrying hither and yon, prudently, cautiously questing,  
Found they a hillock of sand, holding a bow and some arrows,  
Found they a basket of corn, mottled in blue and in yellow,  
Goodly and fair in their eyes, promise of harvests in plenty.  
Where should they choose them a home? Timber they needed  
and water,

Land that lay full in the sun and for their shipping a harbour.  
Wise men and thoughtful were these, Pilgrims who looked to  
the future,

So did they ponder and pray, asking their God for His counsel.  
Pent in the *Mayflower* still, goodwives and grandams and  
children,

Longed for the feel of the ground, wearied of bounds and con-  
fining.

"Lend us the shallop," they cried, "here are we peaking and pining;

Take us, we pray, to the land; bring us fair water for washing!"  
So, with a boat full of clothes, sturdy young housewives and mothers,

Hopkins and Fullers and Whites, Allertons, Minters and Brewsters,

Set on their way to the shore, followed by frolicsome children,  
There on New England's soil, set up their altar domestic.

## TABLEAU VI

### *The First New England Washing-day*

---

Finally all were agreed, Governor, goodmen and Captain,  
Choosing from all they had seen, land on the harbour of  
Plymouth.

Now was there bustle and haste, landing of men and of women;  
Now not a moment to waste, winds of the winter were blowing.  
First must they raise them a house, safe and secure from the  
savage,

Use it in common until each could prepare his own dwelling,  
Some felled the trees in the wood, some dragged the logs to their  
places,

Francis and Wrestling and Love cut down the rushes for thatching.

When all was ready to build, out of all days it was Christmas!  
Yet did they use it for toil; Christmas day "none of them rested."  
Rude was the dwelling they built, logs with but mud for their  
filling,

Windows of paper and roof covered with rushes in bundles.

Rude was the Common-house; still, sacred to them who had  
builded,

Sacred to all who revere liberty, courage and freedom.

When all the Pilgrims it held,—Standishes, Coopers and  
Carvers,  
Bradfords and Winslows and Mores, Molines and Chiltons and  
Howlands,—

When there arose from within, chorus of prayer and thanks-  
giving,

Far in the forest the wolf felt a new era was dawning.

"Thanks do we give to the Lord!" chanted the men and the  
women,

"He hath delivered us all out of the bonds of affliction;  
Unto Jehovah we cried, He has relieved our distresses."

## TABLEAU VII

### *First Meeting in Plymouth*

Swift came the trial of faith, now that their journey was over;  
Pestilence knocked at the door, Winter besieged them and  
hunger.

Raising their dwellings they toiled, goodmen and goodwives and  
children,

Armed with the musket and sword, ever alert for the redskin.  
Giants of labour were they, giants of strength and of courage,  
Yet like a tree, when an axe cleaves through its bone and its  
fibre,

So did they totter and fall, bruised and shattered and broken.  
Brief was their stay in the Land, eagerly looked for and longed  
for,

Soon had they taken their flight to "Heaven, their dearest of  
countries."

There on the slope of the hill, fronting the harbour of Plymouth,  
Ere that the winter was o'er, half of the Pilgrims were sleeping.  
What of the rest of the band? Praying and toiling and hoping,

Still did they hold to their faith, still did they trust in their Maker.

Neighbours were not in those days, vessels came not to the harbour,

Yet on a desolate morn, Prudence and little Remember,  
Saw from a chink in the log serving as door to their cabin,  
Indians, stalwart and strong, feathered and fur-clad and painted.  
Stride, unafraid, down the street, crying out "Englishmen, Welcome!"

Samoset headed the band, dignified, wise and courageous,  
Coming to spy out the land, coming to trade and to barter.  
Straight to the Common-house went, Samoset, friend of the English,

There with the Governor talked, gazed on by wondering children.

## TABLEAU VIII

### *Meeting with Samoset*

---

Following Samoset came,—Chief of the tribe,—Massasoit,  
Splendid in deer-skin and fur, plumage of owl and of eagle.  
Indians followed him; one, reft of his home and his kindred,—  
(Squanto they called him,)—remained, teacher of fishing and hunting.

Soon there was spring in the air, soon came the wild geese a-honking,

Soon Squanto turned from the chase, said 'twas the season for planting.

Fish must be caught in the brook, laid with the corn in the hillock,  
Such was the Indian way, eager the lads to pursue it.

Now as the sun gathered strength, babies were set in the doorway,

Windows were opened and near fluttered the earliest robin.



Pilgrims at work in the field, gloried that winter was over;  
Grandams and goodwives rejoiced, yet never lessened endeavor.  
Lo! it was May time! and Love, soldier-like, musket on shoulder,  
Guarded a flock to the woods, sober in dress and demeanour.  
Sober without, but within, hearts were a-leaping and dancing,  
Children of Pilgrims were they, yet were they children of spring-time.

There at the edge of the wood, timid and shy in the shadow,  
Waited an Indian lad, waited an Indian mother,  
Eager to join with the band, share in the innocent revel.  
Seeking for flowers they went, gathering fern-spray and bracken,  
Shooting with arrow and bow, sailing their ships in the brooklet.  
Straying a moment apart, Prudence and little Remember,  
Breathed on a sudden a scent, essence of May and of spring-time.  
Well might it fall from the sky, brought on the wing of a blue-bird,

Yet it arose from the earth, deep in the leafage and shadow.  
Suddenly, missing the pair, swift all the rest of the children,  
Flew like a covey of quail, eager and fleet to rejoin them,  
Fell to the ground on their knees, aided the search for the fragrance,

Found it and held up aloft,—what but a spray of arbutus!  
Then from his sentinel watch, musket on sentinel shoulder,  
Love made his way to the group, worshipful, silent, adoring.  
"What shall we call it?" they cried. "Thou who art wiser and older,

Sure thou canst find out a name fit for this earliest blossom."  
Still in the harbour beyond, lingered the ship that had brought them,

Lingered the *Mayflower*, loath to depart, yet making ready to leave them.

"If that our *Mayflower* go," answered them Love, as they bade him,

"Need we another on land, promise of peace and protection.

Call it the 'Mayflower' then, so shall the blossom be dearer,  
 Named for the ship that we prize, ark of our safety and freedom."

Thus was the Mayflower named, ever it greets us in springtime,  
 Emblem of courage and faith, like to the faith of the Pilgrim.

## TABLEAU IX

### *Finding of the Mayflowers*

#### DIRECTIONS FOR PRODUCTION

Tableau	I	Puritan Children in Scrooby Garden.
"	II	Dutch and Pilgrim Children Playing.
"	III	Embarkation of the Pilgrims.
"	IV	Oceanus Hopkins in the <i>Mayflower</i> Cabin.
"	V	Landing from the Shallop.
"	VI	First New England Washing-Day.
"	VII	First Meeting in Plymouth.
"	VIII	Meeting with Samoset.
"	IX	Finding the Mayflowers.

#### CHARACTERS

Reader	John Alden
Prudence	Myles Standish
Love	Elder Brewster
Remember	Pilgrim Men and Women
Other Pilgrim Children	Samoset
Dutch Children	Other Indians
Indian Lad	Indian Mother and Papoose

#### COSTUMES

Nine tableaux are suggested for the story, but all of them need not be used, those being selected which best fit the size of the stage and the age, number and resources of the performers. There is no change of costume during the progress of the scenes save for the addition of a weapon, a cloak, or a head-covering.

*Reader.*—The Reader appears in costume and may be garbed like any one of the chief characters in the story, except, of course, the Indians. Elder Brewster, Capt. Standish, John Alden, a Pilgrim Child, or Priscilla Molines, (who is not mentioned by name) are all suitable for the part. It is advised that the whole story be given first by the Reader, and then the lines preceding each tableau be repeated. Reader does not leave stage, (unless it is very small), but sits at side in a picturesque, high-backed chair, rising whenever reading is to be done.

*Prudence, Remember, Love.*—These parts are taken by two different sets of children. In the first and second tableaux they are small,—about six, four, and eight years respectively. Several years elapse before they are seen in Tableau III when Prudence may be supposed to be ten, Love twelve, and Remember eight. The costumes remain of the same fashion, of course. The girls wear full skirts reaching the floor, of dark blue, green, gray, brown or black, fashioned of any soft material, cotton or wool; long-sleeved waists with wide white cuffs, and white kerchiefs folded over shoulders and reaching waist. Their hair is parted, brushed smoothly back and tucked up under white caps of "Priscilla" pattern. All wear white aprons and one-strap slippers, or low shoes. A dark full cape may be added for out-door scenes.

*Love* wears full, dark knee-breeches, dark hose and low buckled shoes, a belted doublet with wide white turn-over collar and cuffs, "boxed" hair and adds a dark round cap, like skull-cap, for out-door scenes.

All other Pilgrim children are attired in similar manner, using various colors in dresses.

*Dutch Boys.*—Very full, wide trousers to knee of Copenhagen blue, buttoned to short-waisted dark waist. Sleeves blue also. Flaxen hair (ravelled rope), long in neck and straight across forehead, with round dark cap set on back of head. Dark hose, wooden shoes, which may be well simulated, as lately suggested by an ingenious teacher, by rubbers worn over slippers, the rubbers being coated beforehand with the liquid whiting used for canvas shoes and then dusted with corn-meal.

*Dutch Girls.*—Very full Copenhagen blue skirts to ankle worn over many petticoats. Sleeves to elbow, like skirts and short-waisted dark waists with round Dutch necks. Beads about necks. Dark hose, wooden shoes and white Dutch caps.

*Pilgrim Women.*—Dressed like little girls, though some, as in George H. Boughton's picture of "Priscilla," may wear short capes to waist and for out-door scenes dark hoods tied with ribbons under chin, and white borders folded back.

*Pilgrim Men.*—Dressed like boys with addition of weapons and tall dark steeple-crowned hats. They may also wear dark capes, three-quarter length, if desired.

*John Alden.*—As above.

*Myles Standish.*—The statue of Myles Standish in Duxbury, Mass., is dressed as above with addition of top boots, gauntlets, a long cape and a sword and sword-belt. He has a ruff about his neck and wears moustache and pointed beard. In Sargent's picture in Pilgrim Hall he is clad in dark crimson, including cape, and wears a helmet. He is often pictured also wearing armor and carrying musket on shoulder.

*Elder Brewster.*—Long black gown to feet, white turn-over collar and cuffs. Black skull-cap.

*Samoset and other Indians.*—Indian costumes are so frequently to be seen in pictures that they need scarcely be described. Samoset may wear three eagle feathers in his long hair and beads about his neck. If close-fitting tan-colored underwear is to be had, he may wear this and be draped with skins, (fur rugs), wear moccasins and carry a bow and arrows. Lines of red and black are painted upon his face, and he carries a little hatchet at his belt. The other braves are dressed like Samoset, but without feathers, or they may wear Indian Boy Scout costumes. Failing all else, Indian suits may be made of buff cambric, fringed (to imitate buckskin) with colored borders of wax crayons.

*Indian Mother.*—Squaw wears a loose sack with wide sleeves and a narrow skirt to ankles of buckskin (cambric), edges of skirt, sleeves, and sack cut into fringes. Hair is parted and braided in two braids. She has a beaded band across her forehead and round her head, which helps in carrying papoose basket. This, if not to be had, may be fashioned from corrugated board after a picture, the papoose, whose head only is seen, being a large doll.

*Indian Lad.*—Dressed like Samoset and other Indians, no hatchet, beads, or feathers in hair.

## TABLEAU I

### *Puritan Children in Scrooby Garden*

Seven of the nine tableaux are out-of-door scenes, so much of the stage setting may be retained throughout. Evergreen trees of different heights, set in dark-green stands covered with boughs, may be placed in irregular line across the back and in the corners of the stage, and need not be moved at all, being shut off by screens or drapery for the two in-door scenes. For Scrooby Garden tall hollyhocks (paper) may grow in front of the trees and if a sun-dial, a picturesque bench, or a large urn with blooming plants can be procured, the effect of a somewhat formal garden will be produced. A blossoming fruit-tree may be set at left of stage, if desired, bare branches being cut and trimmed with home-made flowers of Dennison paper.

Love occupies centre of stage and may stand on a stool behind bench, if there is one, using the back as a pulpit. If no bench, a perch in a tree may be improvised. Failing this, bring in a small step-ladder, throw a

dark drapery over it and let Love mount it, using the top for his book. He lifts book slightly with left hand, looks out at audience through his grass spectacles, and with his right hand extended, is expounding Scriptures. Prudence sits right front, on garden chair or low stool hemming a sail for the boat that Remember, kneeling beside her, left front, is holding up.

Love must be distinctly above the other two figures as if in high pulpit.

## TABLEAU II

### *Dutch and Pilgrim Children Playing "Ring-around-a-Rosy"*

The same background is used for this tableau, the hollyhocks and furniture being removed and a bed of tulips (paper) substituted. The arms of a wind-mill, wood or cardboard, should, if possible, be fastened to an upright and seen at side or back of stage.

A number of children, alternately Dutch and English Remember among them, are standing, hand in hand, as if ready to dance, in centre of stage. If preferred, one may stand facing audience, the next one back to same, and so on. Prudence and a Dutch girl of same age stand knitting, right front, looking at the little ones, while Love and a Dutch boy, kneel left front, spinning a top. If desired, music may strike up and the children begin to dance around as curtain falls.

## TABLEAU III

### *Embarkation of the Pilgrims*

This is an ambitious tableau and can only be given effectively on a large stage, or out-of-doors. In the painting by J. Alden Weir, the great main-mast and the white sails of the "Mayflower" hang loosely behind the group, and if a large piece of canvas is to be had, it may be suspended from the ceiling and serve as a background. If not, the trees must be concealed by screens or curtains.

A low platform is set in centre of stage on which several of the principal figures are kneeling. Centre of back of platform place Elder Brewster, (kneeling) holding a large open Bible and looking upward as if in prayer. On his right (left of stage, looking from audience,) also kneeling, place an old Pilgrim woman with white hair, eyes cast down, and next her, Prudence, her hand in her grandmother's as she listens. Next to Prudence, left front (not on platform) a man and woman are seated on deck, hands clasped and heads bowed. On the left of Elder Brewster place a Pilgrim (on platform) his hat in his hand, his head bowed and next him, Love in



similar position. Remember should be placed next her brother, kneeling, hands held up with palms together, eyes closed, but turned heavenward. Captain Standish kneels on floor, on one knee, right front, head bowed, leaning on his sword held in front of him by both hands. A woman in rear (standing), back to audience, weeps, with hidden face, on her husband's shoulder. The other figures may be grouped according to size of stage, but must be standing in background and if desired, a lady in court costume, velvet and lace, ruff, square-necked dress and white plumed hat may be seen standing at left of group listening to prayer. This figure (probably meant for Rose Standish) is seen in Weir's painting and is effective as a contrast. High light of tableau is the minister with the open Bible, and positions must be rehearsed till the performers can take them naturally and suit their expressions to the solemn scene.

#### TABLEAU IV

##### *Oceanus Hopkins in the "Mayflower" Cabin*

To produce the effect of the *Mayflower* cabin, which must have been small, dark and crowded, the scene must be shut in by screens or curtains and dimly lighted. Somewhat to the left of centre of stage sits Goodwife Hopkins, the baby Oceanus, (a large doll) in her lap, his head toward the audience, resting in the bend of her right arm. He wears a long white dress and a white round cap. His mother is bending over him, three-quarter face toward audience. On the floor in centre of stage is a cradle (Postcard of Fuller cradle—A. S. Burbank, Plymouth, Mass.) which may be made of a box stained brown, with a hood or headpiece and rockers added. By the cradle, right front, Remember is kneeling arranging the coverings. Back of Goodwife Hopkins stands Prudence, leaning over baby and dangling a ball to attract his notice. A stand near the group holds a candle or, if it can be obtained, a lantern of pierced tin. On right of stage sits an old woman with an open book in her lap, but looking at the baby. In the background are other figures, dimly seen, one of them a woman knitting. Arrange the lighting to give prominence to mother and child.

#### TABLEAU VI

##### *Landing from the Shallop*

The trees appear again for this tableau and form a background for the scene. The bow of a boat is seen left front, held by a rope wound about a stone, which one of the men (facing boat) is holding with straining grasp. Platform used in Embarkation is again in place to give a difference of level



to the figures and a dark covering thrown over it roughly, will give somewhat the appearance of a rock. One man, seated in boat, is helping to hold it with extended oar. Two men are standing behind him, muskets by side, ready to step out. One is just stooping over gunwale, musket in right hand, giving his left to Love who helps him from his stand on rock. In centre of stage is a group of men. The prominent figure is John Alden, facing right, hat in right hand, gun in left resting on rock. Profile to audience and eyes to Heaven in thanksgiving. Myles Standish, wearing helmet and high boots stands on his right, and the other men are grouped about, all with arms grounded, all wearing hats and capes and all with eyes raised in prayer.

### TABLEAU VI

#### *First New England Washing-Day*

The scene is the same as for previous tableau, and the boat may be left in place and heaped with clothing, white and colored, ready for washing. The largest kettles procurable are hung from poles across crotched sticks on right and left of stage. A fire of sticks with red tinsel paper below them is laid under each of them, and a woman with sleeves rolled above elbows and skirt bundled up under long apron stands watching each one, a long stick in hand. Centre front is a tub raised on stones or blocks of wood, and a woman is bending over it scrubbing clothes. (No washboard.) Across back of stage a line is strung, and Prudence, back to audience, sleeves and skirt rolled up like her elders, is hanging wet clothes upon it. If sufficient space, Love and other lads may be seen bringing wood for fires. Centre front of stage sits a group of children, Remember among them, playing with shells. At extreme right and left of stage stand two Pilgrims on guard, stern and motionless, muskets on shoulders.

### TABLEAU VII

#### *First Meeting in Plymouth*

This is one of the two indoor scenes and may be omitted, if too difficult. The trees must be screened or curtained, and in the centre of stage a pulpit or reading-desk improvised. A table with a box upon it, draped with a dark covering and set high on wooden blocks will serve. Elder Brewster, standing behind it, (skull-cap removed) also on stool or box, dominates scene. An open Bible lies on pulpit and with raised hand he is pronouncing benediction. This is supposed to be the first meeting in the Commonwealth, and is a sacred and solemn occasion. All the performers may be on the stage if there is room enough, some standing, some seated on stools,

some on the floor. Oceanus Hopkins is there in his cradle, watched over by Remember, and also the baby, Peregrine White, in his mother's arms. Sickness has already begun among the Pilgrims, and an old man is to be seen, left front, stretched out on the floor, his head in the lap of an old woman who bends over him. All the men are without weapons and hold hats in hands and women and girls have laid aside capes and hoods, though still wearing caps, of course. Place Love, Prudence and Myles Standish in prominent positions. At back of stage where entrance-door is supposed to be, set a guard in hat and cape, musket on shoulder. When tableau has been enjoyed for a moment, John Alden may step forth, if desired, and motion all to rise, leading them in singing a metrical version of one of the Psalms to the tune of the Old Hundredth.

### TABLEAU VIII

#### *Meeting with Samoset*

Screens or curtains may now be finally removed as the last two pictures are out-of-door scenes.

Right centre of stage stands a tall and stalwart Pilgrim, bareheaded and unarmed, representing the Governor of the Colony, his right hand outstretched in greeting, and Captain Standish beside him, his musket in place, two or three men behind him, also with weapons. On the left stand Samoset and his followers, Samoset with outstretched arms evidently crying, "Welcome! Englishmen!" One Indian is making a similar gesture, but another, somewhat behind the rest, has his hand on his hatchet and watches the strangers with unfriendly eyes. One or two Pilgrims, left front, watch the redskins in their turn and here and there among the trees children are peeping out. Place Love on a step-ladder behind one of the trees, his head emerging from the boughs, as if he had climbed there. If there are any windows at back and sides of stage, fill them with the white-capped heads of the women.

### TABLEAU IX

#### *Finding the Mayflowers*

This tableau is a woodland scene and more trees or boughs should be introduced, if possible, bringing some well toward the front. The moment chosen is the one of asking Love to name the new-found flower, and all the children in the company are present with the addition of the squaw, papoose and Indian lad. A hillock made of cushions covered with drapery should be improvised on centre right of stage and covered with pine-needles, if possible. The children are grouped about the hillock, some of them on

their knees among whom are Prudence and Remember and some standing, bending over to see the new flower.

Love, grave and martial under his charge of sentinel, stands (now with Pilgrim hat and cape and musket on shoulder,) in centre of stage facing audience. He is looking down at the flower which one of the children holds up and with his right hand out, and forefinger extended, is laying down his views as to its name. Some of the children are sitting back on their feet, looking up at him in admiration. The Indian lad stands near him (left) about to shoot an arrow from his bow, but arrested by Love's words and half-turning toward him to listen. The squaw, with papoose on her back, stands left of group with wondering face. All the children save Love are without hoods, caps or capes, and some hold ferns, some twigs and bunches of young leaves.

(Suggestions for the costumes and grouping in these tableaux may be found in the Perry and in the Brown pictures and in the Pilgrim post-cards.—A. S. Burbank, Plymouth, Mass.)





BLUEBEARD IN VERSE

## CHARACTERS

The Reader of the Play

Fatima

Two Brothers

Sister Anne

Bluebeard

Servants and followers





## BLUEBEARD IN VERSE

*A Tragedy for Pantomime or Shadow-Picture*

### SCENE I

In Constantinople, by Bosphorus' waters,  
 An old lady lived with a pair of fair daughters,  
 Two Turkish Delights of an exquisite beauty,  
 Devoted to virtue, and models of duty.  
 The one was called Fatima, Anne was the other,  
 And each of the two had a gallant young brother.  
 The charms of the maidens were everywhere known,  
 From the gardener's cot to the Sultan, his throne;  
 And suitors in hosts with each other were vying,  
 But having no fortunes were sent off a-sighing.  
 A few leagues away, over hedges and ditches,  
 A nobleman lived, of incredible riches.

He'd wed an inordinate number of wives,  
And nobody knew how they'd ended their lives;  
Still, no ladies feared when he happened to choose 'em,  
But said if they'd ninety-nine lives they would lose 'em  
For love of his castle, his equipage grand,  
His fields of tobacco, his jewels and land.  
His name it was *Bluebeard*, you'll quickly see why  
When I tell you his beard was the hue of the sky.

Now Fatima sang, and one fortunate day,  
As Bluebeard rode by in his gorgeous array,  
She carelessly carolled, with innocent smile,  
While Bluebeard, arrested, was snared by her wile,  
"Oh, Green is forsaken, and Yellow's forsworn;  
But Blue is the loveliest color that's worn!"  
This touching allusion old Bluebeard o'erheard,  
And rushed to the lattice where warbled the bird.  
"Sweet Fatima," cried he, "but swear thou'lt be mine,  
And all my possessions shall straightway be thine."  
Fair Fatima blushed; but she owned she had loved him  
Since first in her pathway Dame Fortune had shoved him,  
And, wedding bells chiming from mosque and from dome,  
The bride and her sister escorted him home.

## SCENE II

The honeymoon over, old Bluebeard one day  
Remarked that his business called him away;  
But said, in his absence, his ladylove might  
Carouse in his castle from morning till night  
So long as she opened no portals forbidden,  
Nor hunted for objects designed to be hidden.  
"The keys to my storeroom I give thee," he said;  
"The keys to the jewels I wore when we wed;

The keys to my silver, the keys to my gold:  
But tamper not, madam, with this key I hold:  
It opens a door to a terrible room  
Whose air, once you breathe it, will lead you to doom.  
Obey me, my love, and there's nothing to fear;  
But thwart me and Death will be hovering near!"

(*Thundering chords here.*)

Her lord and his retinue once out of sight,  
The bride and her sister in greatest delight  
Laid hold of the keys, and by set of the sun  
They'd opened all doors in the castle, save one!  
Anne halted at that one, and warningly said,  
"Whatever you find here may cost you your head."  
But curious Fatima, not to be daunted,  
Declared she would open it, though it were haunted.  
She caught up the key, turned it swift in the lock;  
She peeped in the doorway, and—terrible shock!—  
Beheld the incredible number of wives,  
All hung to the wall as they'd ended their lives.  
The door slowly closed, and she fell in a swoon,  
While all through the castle her shrieks did resound.  
Anne bore her away from the horrible place,  
Reminding her fondly there wasn't a trace  
To show she had opened the hideous portal.  
But Anne was in error, like all that are mortal,  
For Fatima let fall the key when she fell,  
And each of its stains the whole story could tell.

### SCENE III

They scrubbed it with sand in their fear and their pother,  
But cleaned on the one side, the stain came on t'other;

And while they were scrubbing it, swift on their track,  
His scimitar flourishing, Bluebeard came back!  
He ordered the keys as he entered the hall,  
While his bride and his servitors ran at his call,  
And, seeing them, thundered, "There's blood on the key!  
Now, madam, good madam, pray why should this be?"  
Alas! for poor Fatima, what could she say?  
Her guilt was discovered, as plain as the day.  
She trembled and shook, for she feared his assault,  
Imploring grim Bluebeard to pardon her fault.  
"No, never!" he shouted. "I'll smite off thy head:  
A curious woman is far better dead!"  
She begged for a moment to whisper a prayer,  
And this being granted, she cried up the stair,—  
While Bluebeard went raging about in his den,  
With curses and growling as loud as ten men:—  
"Oh, sister Anne, sister, look out from the tower  
And see if our brothers are riding this hour!"  
"Nay, Fatima, nay, love; there's naught to be seen  
But the sun making dust and the grass growing green."  
"Oh, sister, I pray thee, look only once more!"  
But while she thus pleaded, the Turk at the door  
Was heard shouting, "Fatima, come out to me,  
Or, by the great Prophet, I'll come in to thee!"  
"Dost see naught a-coming?" poor Fatima cried.  
"A flock of sheep only," her sister replied,  
And swift on the answer the headsman appeared,  
His face dyed with anger, as blue as his beard.  
Half-fainting, poor Fatima heard Anne say,  
"Our brothers are coming, but still far away."  
And while the grim tyrant most horribly swore,  
And hair from her head by the handful he tore,  
She listened for hoof-beats, with palpitant breath,  
For naught but her brothers could save her from death.

. . . . .

Up whirled the dread scimitar, seal of her fate,  
 When, sudden, a knocking was heard at the gate.  
 In rushed the bold brothers, and soon in its gore  
 A head, but not Fatima's, rolled on the floor!

What more should there be of this tragic recital?  
 Already you know every point that is vital.  
 The widow fell heir to old Bluebeard's estate,  
 And made her two brothers both wealthy and great.  
 She dowered her sister, and then, so they say,  
 She married a smooth-face, a Chink from Cathay.

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### CHARACTERS

The Reader of the Play

Fatima

Two Brothers

Servants and followers, male and female, as many as desired.

Sister Anne

Bluebeard

### COSTUMES

Turkish costumes, with gorgeous turbans, and slippers with turned-up toes are worn by all the characters. (Dictionaries and Encyclopædias will furnish models.) Fatima and Anne may wear pale blue and pink, respectively, their "zouave" jackets, (black or of contrasting colors), and slippers being trimmed with gilt paper. Anklets worn in Scenes II and III. They throw white veils over heads and faces when they set off with Bluebeard for his castle. B's sweeping beard may be of horse-hair, flax or wool, which can easily be dyed with any of the preparations now on the market. His costume should be black, or yellow and orange, and he wears at his side an immense scimitar with jewelled hilt. (Wood, painted.) The bride's attendants, (if any desired) wear white; the Brothers and B's followers scarlet, dark-blue and green, all these carrying smaller scimitars.

All the characters, male and female, must be furnished with hobby-horses, whose heads the children can carve and paint. The costumes may be of velvet and satin, silk and cotton, cambric, sateen or crêpe paper, according to the resources of the performers. The colors are important, however, if used as a pantomime.

The keys, which are four or five times the usual size and hung to an immense ring, should be of wood or heavy pasteboard and variously col-



ored, the one belonging to the forbidden closet gilded or covered with gilt paper. The scimitars (see Dictionary) of same material are silvered, with particolored hilts.

### SCENE I

A Turkish interior may be simulated with a divan and plenty of cushions, a low table with black coffee outfit, a Turkish pipe with long tube, a carved chair or two and any dark, rich hangings, not distinctively Chinese or Japanese. If this interior is attempted, two doors and a window (high up in wall and practicable) must be shown. All these furnishings should be reserved for Scenes II and III as Scene I may be supposed to take place in front of the home of the "Turkish Delights."

If children cannot obtain the proper furniture, the stage may be hung with curtains of neutral tints, (gray or fawn) which will attract no attention, or may be set with plain, dark screens.

F. and A. may mount a step-ladder behind these and part them when they appear at the window.

At Line 3 of pantomime F and A appear from right and glide *slowly* across stage, followed by Brothers, on foot. F. holds hand-glass and admires herself while crossing. A. follows with bent head and hands folded on bosom. Brothers cross in swaggering manner, with heads held high, hands on scimitars. Crossing may occupy first ten lines.

At Line 12 ("A nobleman lived") Bluebeard appears, mounted, and has 8 lines following to manage his prancing steed and disappear. At Line 21 ("Now F. sang") F. appears at window with lute (See Encyclopædia), and B. returns, reining in steed and gazing at F. kissing hand, etc., and trying to reach up to window. F. may throw down a flower or handkerchief which he kisses and puts in bosom.

At Line 31 ("Fair F. blushed") she hurries from window and followed by A who has been waiting off stage with veils, hobby-horses and as many attendants as desired, gallops to B.'s side. B. tries to embrace her while their horses prance and curvet and wedding party rides off to bell accompaniment from piano.

### SCENE II

Curtain rises and F. is discovered reclining on cushions, left front. Female attendants, (if desired) may sit near, one playing the lute, one fanning her mistress. B. enters with ring of keys and may use 7th to 14th lines for his commands, threats and departure. At 15th line A. appears. F. shows her keys and explains her designs and the sisters run hurriedly off stage, while rattling of keys and banging of doors is heard without. At Line 21 they return, F. holding fateful key. She moves aside curtain or screen, watched by A. in despair, pretends to open door, peeps in and falls



in swoon, dropping key. Action is sufficiently indicated by lines for remainder of verse.

## SCENE III

F. and A. discovered in distress and tears, cleaning key, which still hangs on ring, with others. F. has removed turban and hair is loose on shoulders. At Line 3 galloping horses are heard outside and B. rides in, followed by mounted attendants, if desired. He leaps from horse, gives it to follower, and holds out hand for keys. Servant brings them, and action thereafter is plainly indicated, up to Line 14. A. runs from stage, as if in fear, at Line 12, covering face with hands and mounts step-ladder behind curtains. She is followed by female attendants, if any. At Line 15, F. falls on knees and B. stamps from stage, waving scimitar, followed by attendants, while F. looks up to simulated window, where A. appears. Lines 19 to 27 are taken by conversation between sisters, which must be made as realistic as possible by pleading hands, tears, nodding heads, etc., F. still on knees. At Line 29 B. reappears and F. falls to floor, while A. leans down excitedly from window to tell news of Brothers' approach. B. bends over F., attempts to raise her by hair, finally pulls her half way up and raises scimitar, when galloping horses and knocking are heard without, and in rush Bold Brothers, their scimitars waving above heads. A splendid combat ensues which F. (revived) A. (descended from her perch) and male and female retainers, (returned to stage) all view with excitement and no prejudice in favor of B.

B. falls to the "Funeral March of a Marionette" or other suitable selection, and is borne off by four stalwart followers.

F., A. and Brothers take stage, surrounded by remaining attendants, while last six lines are read. F. and A. take centre of group, Brothers on either side, scimitars raised and touching, making arch over heroines' heads. F. and A. hold clasped hands high and look up to Brothers in joy and gratitude.





## BRIAR ROSE

## CHARACTERS

Reader  
King  
Queen  
The Princess  
The Prince  
Wicked Fairy  
Twelve Fairies  
Courtiers  
Attendants  
Children



## BRIAR ROSE

*A fairy story in verse arranged for four tableaux*

*With musical accompaniment if desired*

### PART I

Once on a time and centuries ago—  
So long the date is not in history,—  
There lived a King, a valiant king and wise,  
Whose Queen was wondrous good and beautiful.  
A happy pair they made, in gladness reigned,  
And nothing lacked except a nursery.  
Incense they burned and sacrifices made,  
Prayers did they say to gods and goddesses,  
Yet still the golden cradle empty stood  
And toys went begging for an ownership.

At last one day, down by the river's brink,  
Where strolled the Queen, with all her retinue,  
A tiny frog leaped to the silver strand  
And bowing low to all the company,  
Said, "Ere the year shall vanish quite away  
A daughter shall be granted to your majesty."  
True was the prophecy, although the frog  
Never appeared again, nor claimed a recompense.  
True was the prophecy, a fairer babe  
Never was sung in folk or fairy-tale.  
The King, enchanted, made a splendid feast  
And summoned all his subjects to the christening.  
"Not one must be forgotten," so it ran,—  
The order that he issued to the Chamberlain,  
"Woman or man, goblin, or fay, or sprite  
All must be bidden to the festival."  
Plain was the order, but the careless knave  
Who held the royal post of Chamberlain,  
Trusting his memory, addressed the cards,  
Nor sought a name in the Directory!  
It happened as might very well be thought;  
Of thirteen fairies in the countryside  
Twelve were invited and the slighted one  
Was of all fairies most malevolent.  
Upon th' appointed day, the King and Queen,  
Lady and Lord, a splendid company,  
Gathered about the cradle where the babe  
Slumbering lay 'mid silken drapery.  
Eleven fairies wished her every gift  
Of sober thought or wildest fantasy,  
When sudden entered one without a card,  
Withered and bent and scowling fearsomely.  
"The Princess shall but reach her fifteenth year,"  
So did she croak, gesticulating horribly;



"When in her hand a spindle she shall thrust,  
And she shall fall asleep to sleep eternally!"  
"It shall not be!" the thirteenth fairy cried,  
Out from a corner's dim obscurity,  
"It shall not be; I pledge my magic word,  
She shall but slumber through a century."

## TABLEAU I

*The Christening*

## PART II

The years rolled by; twice seven glided past,  
The lovely babe forever growing lovelier  
And safe from harm,—for every spinning-wheel  
Destroyed had been by Act of Parliament.  
The fateful birthday came, the very one  
Her future and the kingdom's hung upon;  
But nobody recalled it, great or small,  
That Chamberlain had lost the Almanac!  
The King and Queen went out to take the air  
And plan a birthday in a week or so;  
The Princess, fair as any budding rose,  
Rambled among her sisters in the roserie.  
The sun grew hot, she sought a cooling shade  
And wandered in the palace labyrinth;  
She spied a winding stair, and climbing up,  
Descried a door within the masonry.  
A key was in the lock; despite of rust  
It turned, the portal opened creakingly,  
And there, within an old forgotten room,  
An old forgotten woman frowned forbiddingly.

White was her head, her garments matched her eyes  
And those were black as blackest ebony;  
A wheel before her sang a merry tune,  
The spindle whirring most enchantingly.  
“Good-morrow, granny!” cried the princess fair,  
“Good-morrow, child!” the beldame, croakingly.  
“What do you, granny?” asked the royal maid,  
And, nodding to the spindle’s whispering,  
The spinner answered, “Here alone I sit,  
Turning the flax to thread for stitchery.”  
“And what is that like to a humming top,  
That turns and turns and turns so merrily?”  
“The spindle, child; draw near and fear me not;  
Mayhap you’ll take my seat to pleasure me.”  
The beldame rose, the princess took her place,  
The spindle felt her fingers’ witchery;  
Sudden it turned and pierced the little hand,—  
Oh curséd thing, that so could do her injury!  
The spell the wicked fairy had foretold,  
Fell on the maiden without remedy,  
She drowsed, she slipped and fell along the floor,  
A breathing image, gold and ivory.

## TABLEAU II

### *The Fatal Spindle*

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## PART III

The wicked fairy, for indeed ’twas she,  
Gazed on the victim of her sorcery,  
Then laughed a dreadful laugh and stick astride,  
Betook her through the window speedily.

. . . . .

Still lay the statue on the dusty floor,  
Save where her quiet breathing stirred her drapery,  
Spiders began to weave a lacy web,  
Wrapping her closely in their tracery.  
. . . Sudden, a noise of hoof-beat in the court;  
A trumpet sounded from the balcony;  
The King and Queen returned and sought the maid,  
But from their sight she'd vanished utterly.  
Anon, a lap-dog to the Princess dear,  
Scratched at the door within the masonry.  
They heard his whining and they climbed the stair,  
To find their loved one sleeping fatefully.  
They raised her up with many a sigh and tear;  
They sought by every means to waken her  
And every effort failing, weeping still,  
They bore her to her chamber, silently.  
Scarce had her golden head the pillow prest  
When all about her fell a-slumbering,—  
The King, the Queen, the ladies of the Court,  
E'en to the heedless, rattle-pated Chamberlain;  
Horses and dogs, doves on the stable roof,  
Flies on the wall, the fire flickering,  
The cook who pulled the idle scullion's hair,  
The breeze about the palace frolicking:  
The very leaves upon the very trees,  
Ceased on a sudden from their wavering,—  
Nothing was heard save measured breath and low,  
Like winds among the tree-tops murmuring.  
Such was the sleep, such was the death in life,  
That smote the Princess and her following.

## TABLEAU III

*The Magic Sleep*

## PART IV

A hedge of roses round the castle wall,  
Ever had grown, forever blossoming,  
But when the magic sleep enfolded all,  
Skyward it climbed, the stone encompassing.  
In time it cloaked the castle, tow'r and roof;  
In time it hid the banners fluttering,  
And armed with thorns, as fierce and sharp as steel,  
Preserved the precincts from all plundering.  
Hidden the princess lay from mortal eye,  
Set like a jewel in an amulet,  
And as the years went by in solemn train,  
Fame told her story to the countryside.  
Countless the legends touching Briar Rose,—  
(Such was her name, the sleeping damosel,)  
Countless the legends in as many tongues,  
Sung by the minstrels in their wanderings.  
Princes in foreign lands o'erheard the tale;  
Swift did they call their gallant servitors,  
And risking every peril, fearless fare  
To gaze upon her beauty's wonderment.  
But all for nothing did they brave the seas  
And venture where she lay inanimate,  
For briar roses guarded Briar Rose  
And thorns her warders were, inviolate.  
At length the century had passed and gone,  
And on the very day, predestinate,  
A Prince there came who sought the living wall,  
Resolved to perish, or to penetrate.  
Naught would he hear of peril, or of pain,  
Naught of the countless knights discomfited,  
Of Briar Rose he dreamed, for Rose he sighed,  
To wake her from enchanted slumbering.

He reached the wall, it turned to rosy bloom,  
Swift as a maiden's cheek to compliment  
And flowers uncounted bowed a humble head,  
And owned him for their rightful sovereign.  
Within, he saw the garden's wide expanse,  
Still as a picture in a panelling;  
The fountains, pent within their marble bowls,  
Stayed from their splashing and their pattering,  
The lackeys drowsed about the royal door,  
Snored in his gilded chair, the Chamberlain.  
The Prince himself dared scarcely draw his breath,  
Such was the magic hush that compassed him.  
He climbed the golden stair; the way he knew,  
Though ne'er his feet the ground had trod upon;  
He swung the hidden door and sudden saw  
A sight to set a blind man wondering!  
Sunk in the ripples of her golden hair,  
Like to a bee within the honeycomb,  
Lay Briar Rose, a statue living-fair,  
Fair as the visions seen in slumber-land.  
He bent above the laces of her bed,  
He kissed the rosy lips half-opening;  
She stirred, she woke, she opened angel-eyes,  
Deep as the jewels of the firmament.  
. . . Sudden, the King awoke, he blinked and yawned;  
"Marry," quoth he, "I'm stiff with slumbering!  
Lady, awake!" he whispered to the Queen,  
"Here is a visitor, and where's the Chamberlain?"

Soon as the royal pair awoke, the Court  
Opened its eyes in drowsy wonderment.  
'Twas scarce a moment ere the witch's spell,  
Lifted and passed away to banishment.  
And Briar Rose? As lovely as her name

Her life, her wedding's swift accomplishment.  
No bride of legend ever half so sweet,  
No groom so gallant, so magnificent!

## TABLEAU IV

*The Awakening*

## TABLEAU V

*The Wedding*

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DIRECTIONS FOR PERFORMANCE

The lines of the "Briar Rose" story, as here given, are to be read or recited by a person who comes before the curtain for that purpose, retiring at the end of each part, when the tableau is to be presented.

The Reader may be dressed as a fairy godmother, wearing a gay short skirt, chintz bodice and panniers, and white ruffles, and carrying a gilded wand; or she may be dressed in court costume with trailing gown and jewels and carry a jeweled wand. She must be white-haired and wear a tall black Mother Goose cap, in either case.

## TABLEAU I

The first tableau, "The Christening," may have as many participants as the stage will hold, or there are young people to call upon, as it represents a festival at which the entire court is present. The king and queen wear royal robes and crowns both here and in Tableaux III and V, and the courtiers may be dressed as grandly as their resources will admit. The thirteen fairies should be selected from the smaller children and should be as nearly of the same size as possible. Twelve of them should be dressed alike, in any picturesque costume, but in different colors. All carry gilded wands and wear tall Mother Goose caps (a circle of cardboard covered with black paper, silk or velvet, with a tall conical crown sewn in). The wicked fairy is dressed in black, is bent, has a hump, and leans on a crutch. Her white hair straggles from beneath her cap, and she may wear a black patch over one eye.

The infant princess may be represented by a large doll and her cradle be made from a box, provided with rockers by any youthful carpenter in the company. The hood of the cradle may be made of barrel hoops cut in halves and nailed in place, and the drapery be of crêpe paper, or lace curtains over blue cambric.



The tableau represents the moment when the company is gathered about the cradle, which occupies the center of the stage. The king and queen stand at the right of the cradle and eleven of the fairies are grouped behind it, backed by lords and ladies. At the left stands the wicked fairy, who has just pronounced her curse. She starts back in astonishment at the appearance of the thirteenth fairy, who emerges from the right at rear of stage, wand raised in air, to change the eternal sleep to one of a century. Some figures in the tableau are shrinking back in fear from the wicked fairy; some look with compassion on the king and queen, others toward the thirteenth fairy.

### TABLEAU II

This tableau represents the moment when the princess approaches the wicked fairy to accept her invitation and take her seat.

The stage should be dimly lighted and the spinning-wheel (a flax-wheel) set in the center. The wicked fairy (costume already described), holding the spindle in her hand, is turning toward the princess as if in invitation. The princess should be as beautiful as can be managed, and be dressed in white, preferably white lace or a filmy white with spangles or spots of gold paper sewn on. She wears a slender coronet (cardboard and gilt paper) or a wreath of flowers, and her long fair hair—eked out with raveled rope, if necessary—hangs loose upon her shoulders.

### TABLEAU III

This tableau, to be effective, requires a raised platform at the center back of the stage on which the couch of the princess may be set. A canopy would make the scene much more effective, but the curtains must be so draped as not to obscure the sleeping figure, which is the high light of the picture.

The princess lies on her side, her face turned toward the audience and her cheek resting on her hand. Her coverlet is pale blue, covered with lace if desired, and her hair streams over it and falls to the floor. The king and queen sleep in their chairs at foot and head of the bed, and the courtiers are nodding and drowsing in various positions about the stage, but not seated. Two or three children are asleep on the floor, leaning their heads against one another, but however amusing the positions and contortions of the attendants may be, the three royal figures must be seriously asleep.

### TABLEAU IV

This tableau resembles the preceding one, save in the positions of the figures and the introduction of a new character, the prince, which may be taken either by a boy or a girl. The royal youth should be dark, as a contrast to the princess, and as richly clad as possible in a court costume

of silk, velvet or satin, of pale yellow, rose color, or pale green, with a cap of the same color with floating feathers and a jeweled chain (gilt paper and beads) about his neck. Or he may wear a green velvet hunting costume with high boots, a cap with one erect feather, and a hunting horn slung across his shoulders, or a bow and arrows. In either case, a gold chain as a symbol of royalty is to be worn. The tableau shows the moment after the kiss of awakening has been given. The prince at left center is starting back from the couch in joy and wonder; the princess, half-risen and leaning on her elbow, is gazing at him and holding out one hand as if to draw him nearer. The king is rubbing his eyes and stretching himself; the queen, caught in the act of yawning, is staring behind her hand at the stranger; the other figures are waking in various ways, many of which may be diverting, but not so much so as to obscure the magic romance of the scene.

#### TABLEAU V (*If desired*)

The curtain may rise for the last time, to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" (lighter and more fairy-like than that from "Lohengrin") and the wedding procession be shown, thus closing the entertainment with all the characters on the stage. This may be a moving picture. First the king and queen, arm in arm, cross the stage, followed by a suitable number of attendants, then the princess, escorted by the twelve fairies, in pairs, the benevolent one in the first couple, and next the audience; then come the prince and the remainder of the courtiers, and last of all, the wicked fairy, who limps, leaning on her cane and shaking her fist at the retreating procession. No costumes need be changed for this picture, save that of the prince, who should appear in white and gold with a coronet, to match the dress of the princess, who wears her first costume with the addition of a wedding veil.



## JACK AND THE BEAN STALK

## CHARACTERS

Jack  
Mother  
Farmer  
Giant  
Giantess  
Reader  
Servants



## JACK AND THE BEAN STALK

*Re-told in verse, in four scenes, for Pantomime or  
Shadow-picture*

### SCENE I

#### INTERIOR OF JACK'S COTTAGE

There once was a widow, alarmingly poor,  
With a wolf ever howling away at her door,—  
A widow, whose idle young son, christened Jack,  
Would rather have gone without clothes to his back  
Than work for them, save for them, lift up his hand  
To earn a day's wages, no matter how grand.  
The widow went fasting that Jack might be fed,  
But he had so heedless and careless a head

That little he knew when the cupboard was bare,  
And little he recked of his mother's despair.  
The times they grew harder, the poor woman sold  
Every stick she could turn into silver or gold,  
Until she had parted with all but her cow  
And to live without Mooley, she didn't see how.  
"Oh, Jack!" wept the widow, "Oh, why can it be  
That idle you stand and our misery see?"  
And Jack, when he looked at his poor mother's tears  
Began for his *own* self to feel a few fears.  
"I'll take the cow, mother, to market," he cried,  
"And get such a price that no longer you'll chide."

*(Here cow is led off, mooing.)*

The cow and her leader had scarce gone a mile,  
When a farmer leaped over a neighboring stile  
And said though the beast was too dear for his means,  
He'd gladly give for her a hat full of beans!  
As soon as the offer was made it was taken,  
The cow and her halter were quickly forsaken,  
And, proud of his bargain, with triumph elated,  
Our hero returned where his old mother waited.  
With terror she saw what he held in his hat,—  
Had Mooley, poor Mooley, been bartered for that!  
And cuffing the lad with one hand, with the other  
She threw out of window the cause of the pother.  
Poor Jack stood astounded, a-scratching his head  
And hearing his mother just wish she were dead,  
When glancing without, what a sight met his eyes  
For the beans were a-growing and bound for the skies!  
All twisted and woven, a ladder they made  
And Jack, who though heedless, was never afraid,  
Escaped from the cottage and wasting no time,  
Straight up into cloud-land he started to climb.



## SCENE II

## INTERIOR OF GIANT'S CASTLE

A ramble, a scramble, a skip and a hop  
And swift our young hero went "over the top,"  
When, wonder of wonders, before him arose  
A castle of marble, as white as the snows!  
Jack made himself quickly as neat as a pin,  
He knocked at the door and a voice said, "Come in!"  
The voice was gigantic and so was the lady  
Who greeted his entrance with looks that were shady.  
"My husband," she thundered, "is hunting for meat.  
Begone, or be sure that 'tis *you* he will eat!"  
"I'm tired and hungry," cried fearless young Jack,  
"Just give me a bite, till the giant comes back,"

*(Heavy tramping heard outside.)*

And quickly was set on the mountainous table  
A meal such as giant-folk swallow in fable.  
Jack drew up his chair and his mouth opened wide  
When terrible footsteps came tramping outside.  
"My husband!" the giantess cried in affright  
And all in a moment whisked Jack out of sight.

*(Hides Jack in chest.)*

"Fresh meat I can smell!" growled the brute as he entered,  
For ever on fresh meat his longings were centered,  
And wife responded, "You smell nothing more  
Than your very good supper set there by the door."  
The monster sat down and he swore and he grumbled  
While Jackie lay hid, with his arms and legs jumbled.  
The giant devoured as much as ten men,  
Then he called for his pipe and he called for his hen.  
The giantess brought them and hurried to bed,  
Assisted by boots that were thrown at her head.

The hen was of gold and most skilfully made,  
For eggs that were golden she skilfully laid,  
And thrusting his head from the lid of his chest  
Jack saw her perform at the giant's behest.  
The monster grew sleepy, he snored like a pig,  
And Jack, who for danger cared never a fig,  
Popped out from his hole, caught the hen in his flight  
And down the bean-ladder he vanished from sight.

## SCENE III

## INTERIOR OF GIANT'S CASTLE

The hen and her eggs filled the widow with joy,  
But Jack, who was ever a venturous boy,  
Not long at his ease and in safety would bide  
For he yearned once again in the castle to hide.  
His mother besought his content with the hen,  
But up the bean-ladder he clambered again.  
Arrived at the castle, he knocked at the door;  
The giantess answered him, just as before,  
But shelter and food she'd deny to a prince,  
Because of a lad she'd befriended long since,  
Who'd taken her bounty most freely and then  
Made off with the family's favorite hen.  
"A rascal indeed!" cried our hero, "but sure  
For *his* fault you'll never turn *me* from the door!"  
And moved by his pleading, his jest and his grin  
The soft-hearted giantess let him come in.  
He scarcely had supped when the giant was heard  
In monstrous ill-humour and, swift as a bird,  
Jack hid him away while the old giant roared  
For food and for drink to be spread on the board.  
A fine sucking pig and a fresh roasted steer  
He gobbled and ended with two butts of beer.

He called for his money-bags when he had fed,  
Then cuffed his wife soundly and sent her to bed.  
The bags all a-clinking with silver and gold,  
The giant's great paws were too sleepy to hold  
And watching his time, when they dropped to the floor  
Jack clutched them and vanished the same as before.

## SCENE IV

## INTERIOR OF GIANT'S CASTLE

The cottage re-built, and a new mooley-cow,  
Oh, ne'er was the widow so happy as now,  
And Jack, whom she'd called the most worthless of boys,  
Was now daily praised as the chief of her joys.  
Jack's life was all honey, but when he passed by  
That magic bean-ladder that rose to the sky,  
A spring in his foot and an itch in his palm  
Both urged him, defying all prospect of harm,  
To knock once again at the old giant's door,  
For though Jack had riches, he hungered for more.  
The third time 'twas almost as hard to get in  
As 'tis to get out when you're tangled in sin,  
But fair looks and promises conquered the day  
And in the old chest he was soon hid away.  
The programme went on just the same as before;  
The greedy old giant was heard at the door;  
Again he declared he detected fresh meat;  
Again he sat down at his table to eat,  
And when he had finished, amusement he sought  
And growlingly ordered his harp to be brought.  
So far and no farther the bill was the same,  
But now a swift change found its way to the game.

The harp was enchanted and ceased not to play  
 Though Longlegs a-snoring and slumbering lay,  
 But when Jacky bundled it under his arm  
 Its strings shook and trembled and cried an alarm.

*(Imitation of trembling harp-strings on piano.)*

Jack ran like the lightning, so great was his fright,  
 The giant awoke and pursued him in flight.  
 Jack climbed down the bean-stalk and so did the giant,  
 It shook with his tread, for the ladder was pliant.  
 "An axe! mother, quickly!" cried Jack, "or I die!"  
 And swiftly the widow the axe did supply.  
 Whack! whack! on the bean-stalk the heavy blows fell;  
 Crack! crack! went the giant and tumbled pell-mell.  
 He pitched to the ground and he struck on his head  
 And silence ensuing, they judged he was dead.  
 A wretch was that giant, with so many foes  
 That nobody mourned when he turned up his toes,  
 And as for the giantess, great was her joy,  
 For when he was absent, she'd none to annoy.

. . . . .

The beans in a month or so withered away,  
 But Jack and his mother were rooted to stay,  
 And happy and gay and content with their lot,  
 Forever they dwelt in that very same cot.

---

#### CHARACTERS

Jack	Giant
Mother	Giantess
Farmer	Reader
Servants, male and female	

## COSTUMES

*Jack*—First seen in picturesque rags, tumbled hair, hat with torn brim and bare feet. Costume improves with each episode until in last scene he appears as a gallant in full court costume.

*Mother*—Ragged dark skirt and waist in first scene, with torn gingham apron. White hair, cane and spectacles. Improves with each episode to grandeur at end, including powdered hair, jewels and brocade train, if desired.

*Farmer*—Overalls or smock-frock and broad-brimmed straw hat. (Brim may be made of heavy brown paper.)

*Giant and Giantess*—If these are stilt-walkers (and no other way to simulate giants seems possible) they must be provided, one with long trousers reaching the floor, to cover stilts, and the other with long skirt. These may be improvised from curtains, portieres, bedspreads or sheets, carefully basted together so as not to injure the fabrics. Giant should have fierce *moustachios*, slouch hat and red sash or belt with large wooden pistol thrust in one side and dagger at other. Small sheet, draped over shoulders and held down by sash will serve for Russian blouse.

*Giantess* wears large round white cap (crêpe paper), (sweeping-cap style) with flapping ruffles, and a white apron. Brandishes immense rolling-pin or cooking-spoon when she opens door.

*Servants*—Men-servants (as many as desired) attending Jack and dressed, all alike, in fancy costumes of gay crêpe paper.

*Maids*, with caps and aprons, dressed as desired, but all alike.

*Reader*, may wear ordinary costume, or dress as fairy godmother, if desired.

## PROPERTIES

*Basket of beans* for Farmer.

*Cow*—Saw-horse with dark carriage robe or blanket thrown over it, cow's head and horns cut from wood or pasteboard painted and nailed to one end, and tail, stiff and rampant, to the other.

*Ladder*—Rounds covered with green paper and green paper leaves fastened here and there. Red flowers, like scarlet-runner, if desired.

*Large loaf of Bread*—Pasteboard or clay, painted.

*Toilet Pitcher*.

*Large Pipe*—Cut from wood.

*Hen*—Moulded of clay and gilded or covered with gilt paper.

*Platter of Meat*—Large tray will serve, with roast (moulded of clay) and some slices cut.

*Bags of Money*—Coins to be cut from tin cans.

*Harp*—(See Encyclopedia). Frame of wood or several thicknesses of pasteboard glued together. Must be of small size.

*Large Rolling-pin or Cooking-spoon.*

*Axe.*

*Stuffed Figure—(For Giant's fall.)*

## SCENE I

### INTERIOR OF JACK'S COTTAGE

(There are but two scenes in pantomime—interior of Jack's cottage and of Giant's Castle, and as one must serve for the other, stage should be set with screens or hung with curtains of dull color, so as to pass almost unnoticed. Window (practicable) at back and door right front. Ordinary chair and table needed for cottage and same, of gigantic size, for castle. Large chest or box also needed. Giant's table and chair may be made suitable height by setting on boxes or draping with cambric.)

Curtain rises and discloses Widow seated, face in handkerchief and sobbing. Table with work beside her.\* Jack enters, Line 7, small whip in hand, dances jig or double shuffle at door, and frolics around stage snapping whip for 8 lines, glancing now and then at mother. Line 15 Jack stands by mother, who is weeping and wringing her hands, and listens to her appeal. Nods head, pats her shoulder and points off stage, where cow is heard mooring. Mother assents, Jack gives her rough hug, runs off stage, using door.

(Curtain lowered a moment here to remove mother, chair and table.)

Curtain rises and Jack enters right front (Line 21), pulling cow by rope about neck. Farmer enters left, basket on arm. Stops Jack, admires cow, offers to buy, shows beans, which are accepted, and fills Jack's hat. Cow changes hands, Farmer leads her off one side stage, Jack hastens off other.

(No change of scene or curtain.)

Mother shortly enters, lame and decrepit, with broom, and begins to sweep, when Jack enters gaily. Widow holds out hand as if questioning. Jack nods, points off stage and shows beans. Widow horror-stricken; snatches hat, cuffs Jack, throws beans out of window. Leaves stage sobbing, while Jack scratches head and looks puzzled. At Line 35 glances out window, throws up hands, opens mouth in amazement and runs off stage.

(Curtain lowered long enough to bring in and place ladder.)

Curtain raised to show Jack standing at foot of ladder, gazing upward. Measures distance with eye, tries rounds, looks about as if in fear of mother, rubs hands together and begins to climb as curtain falls.

\* Reader begins after time has been given to note the first scene and the Widow's grief.



## SCENE II

## INTERIOR OF GIANT'S CASTLE

(Same interior, with addition of wooden chest and giant's chair and table. Bread and toilet-pitcher on table.)

Curtain rises, showing Giantess using rolling-pin, or stirring something in wash-bowl with long wooden spoon. (Reader begins.)

Line 6 Jack knocks. (Reader here roars "Come in!" in gigantic voice.) Parley between Jack and Giantess. At Line 11 Jack enters, Giantess waves hand to table and Jack climbs up in chair. Reaches out hand for food when (Line 16) heavy tramp heard outside, with thunderous chords on piano. Reader pauses here to give time for Giantess to wring hands and shiver with fright, Jack to take alarm, climb down from chair and hide in chest, which Giantess opens. (Piano continues through this episode.) Line 19, Giant enters from wings, as he cannot use door. Action in next 10 lines evident. Line 27 Giantess brings pipe and hen and hurries off stage. Lines 29, 30, 31, 32, 33 occupied with Giant's smoking and admiring hen, Jack meantime poking head out of chest and watching. Reader pauses after Line 33 to allow snoring to be heard, while Jack creeps out of chest. Last two lines of scene Jack tiptoes to table, clutches hen and runs from stage.

## SCENE III

## EXTERIOR OF JACK'S COTTAGE

Curtain rises to show bean-ladder in place, with more leaves and flowers, if possible. Jack, with shoes, smooth hair and better dress at foot of ladder, hands on uprights. Mother, also improved in dress, with white apron and cap, by his side, begging him not to climb up. Jack shakes head resolutely and begins to climb. Mother throws apron over head and begins sobbing as curtain falls. (*Reader begins here.*) Curtain rises to show interior of castle again. First 6 lines, business of Giantess again at Table. Line 7, Jack knocks. Next 9 lines devoted to Giantess's answer and parley with Jack. Giantess determined, but Jack edges in a little more with each entreaty, finally enters and climbs up chair. Line 17 tramping again heard, with piano heavier than before. Lines 19, 20, 21 Giant enters, pounds on table for food, which wife brings, and he gobbles through Line 22. Line 23 he calls for money-bags, which wife brings, dragging as if heavy. Giant pretends to cuff her and waves her off stage.

Reader pauses after Line 24 while Giant opens bags and chinks money to suitable piano accompaniment, Jack peeping from chest meantime. Giant grows sleepy, drops bags.

Reader begins again and last 4 lines devoted to Jack's climbing out of chest, clutching bags and dragging them away.

## SCENE IV

## JACK'S COTTAGE

Curtain rises with bean-ladder in position, as before. Jack, in resplendent costume, lace handkerchief and cocked hat, enters right, followed by lackeys and stands at foot of ladder, looking wistfully upward. Mother, equally grand, enters left, followed by maids. (If wheel-chair is to be had, mother may be wheeled in.) Obsequious attention by both groups of servants. First 10 lines devoted to entrances and Jack's attempting to climb ladder. Curtain falls with tableau, all servants on knees, holding up imploring hands, mother and some maids weeping and Jack, beginning to climb.

*Reader* pauses for curtain and begins again at Line 11, when it again rises for interior Giant's Castle. Jack knocks at Line 11, and pantomime of begging entrance, firm refusal, attempted closing door and final slipping in of Jack occupies next 8 lines. At Line 20 Giant orders harp, which wife brings, sets on table and then disappears as usual. At Line 23 harp begins to play (piano here) and plays through next 6 lines, while Jack seizes it and runs from stage, pursued by Giant.

*(Curtain after Line 28)*

Curtain rises again at Line 29, showing entire group at foot of ladder, looking upward. One servant holds harp. Action plainly indicated to end. (Stuffed figure of Giant, any scare-crow will do, concealed at top of ladder to be thrown down at right moment.)

Jack turns to mother at Line 31, as if asking for axe. She turns to servant, who runs off and returns with same. Jack begins to strike at ladder and down tumbles the Giant. All start back in horror, but seeing no movement draw near to examine. Finding Giant dead, drag him center stage, make a ring and dance around him to merry music. Curtain falls as they dance.



## WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TARTS

## CHARACTERS

King Greatheart  
Queen Sweetheart  
Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting  
Knave Blackheart  
Reader  
Courtiers and Servants



## WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TARTS

*A Drama in the Heart Dynasty in Six Tableaux,  
closing with a Dance*

READER (*seated at one side of the stage in high-backed  
medieval chair, rises*).

King Greatheart was a sovereign of valor and renown;  
Queen Sweetheart was as grand a dame as ever wore a crown;  
Her servants swarmed about the court like ants about a hill,  
But still a housewife she remained and did her cooking still,  
One summer morn, 'mid idle chat, King Greatheart chanced to  
say,

A dish of tarts he'd relish well for supper on that day.  
The beauteous queen, beloved by all, the model of a wife,  
Had but to hear and then obey, for duty was her life.

She called the butler, called the maids, called footmen two and three,

She ordered cupboards all unlocked and gave the knave the key.

"Set all within the summer-house that is for tarts required;

I'll do my mixing there to-day, quite from the court retired."

Thus spake the queen, and quick were brought the butter cut in dice,

The water, flour, jelly, salt, the rolling-pin, the ice.

"Where is the cake-board, careless lad?" she asked the Knave of Hearts;

And straight the pert young sprig replied, "Use marble, Queen for tarts!"

"I'll marble thee!" the sov'reign cried, and with the rolling-pin, She made a marble-like effect about his saucy chin.

With tears and sobs he fled away, a-swearing in his pain,

Or soon or late he'd have revenge on Sweetheart and her train.

But little cared the lovely queen for Blackheart, wretched knave!

For all her mind was set on tarts for Greatheart, good and brave.

She sifted, salted, mixed, and rolled, she shaped with touches light,

And soon the tarts were baked and filled, a truly beauteous sight.

She set them on a dainty dish and left them there to air,

The while her maidens brought her robes and dressed her shining hair.

## TABLEAU I

### *Queen Sweetheart Making the Tarts*

---

Meantime, the knave had hid away within that garden sweet,

And watched the cook until her task was perfect and complete.

When all was still he ventured forth, with sly and stealthy mien.

And crept about the summer-house where late had stood the queen.



He spied the tarts, all red and white, upon their regal bed,  
 And there and then a horrid thought beset his naughty head!  
 He'd steal the tarts to spite the queen and thus to spite the king;  
 They'd find to shame the Knave of Hearts was not so slight a  
 thing!

He seized the prize and wrapped it close within his ample cape,  
 A brilliant robe that covered him from knavish knee to nape;  
 He sauntered forth with lordly air, believing none could see,  
 And none could dream that Blackheart bold a paltry thief could  
 be.

Without the garden, swift and still as any velvet mouse,  
 He fled by lane and byway dark until he gained his house.  
 Arrived triumphant, straight he hid the precious tarts away,  
 Resolved it never should be known wherein his treasure lay.

## TABLEAU II

### *Knave Blackheart Stealing the Tarts*

---

The summer's day, in summer's way, declined unto its close,  
 Queen Sweetheart left her tiring-room as lovely as the rose;  
 She sought the banquet-hall wherein King Greatheart sat in state,  
 And took her place in robe and crown, all modest and sedate.  
 The meal progressed, the servants brought each regal dish and  
 rare;

King Greatheart ate and relished all, nor gave a thought to care.  
 Sudden a servant hurried in, and, ghastly pale with fright,  
 Cried: "Madam! Queen! Alas, the tarts! Lo, they have van-  
 ished quite!"

"Ah, woe the day!" the king exclaimed; "Ah, woe the day!" the  
 queen,

"My morning's work has sped away as it had never been!"

My Liege," quoth she, "let vengeance fall upon the petty thief!"  
And as the monarch grasped his sword, she sought in tears relief.

### TABLEAU III

#### *The Interrupted Supper*

---

While yet the courtiers stood agape, a lackey came apace,  
And told how he had lately seen young Blackheart, pale of face,  
Run down a lane with something hid beneath his knavish arm,  
A treasure, sure, or why should he thus guard it safe from harm?  
"'T was Blackheart, then, who stole the tarts!" thus ran the  
murmur 'round.

"A murrain on him!" cried the queen, "he 's earned a beating  
sound!"

Forth from the hall King Greatheart strode, and soon at Black-  
heart's door

He thundered in a regal tone that threat and menace bore.

"Come forth, thou Blackheart, naughty knave! and quickly fetch  
the tarts;

Thy deed is known, thy doom is sealed, in spite of all thine arts!"

The door was forced, the knave appeared and then and there  
did he

Receive a punishment most fit for blackest treachery.

### TABLEAU IV

#### *The Thief Discovered*

---

Still at the table sat the queen, surrounded by her train;

She would not eat, she would not drink, persuasion was in vain.

Sudden a stir was heard without, and then, with vesture torn,

Appeared the knave, a sorry sight, all tattered and forlorn.

He bore the tarts, all red and white; he sank upon his knee  
 And vowed repentance long and late, if he might pardoned be.  
 Queen Sweetheart faltered; Greatheart cried, with proud and  
     lofty mien,  
 "Serve up the tarts, forgive the knave; be every inch a queen!"  
 The lady smiled; she took the tarts; she raised the weeping  
     knave;  
 She ordered music; to her lord her lily hand she gave.  
 The courtiers followed in her train, exultant, one and all  
 That dance of tarts was ne'er forgot in cottage or in hall!

## TABLEAU V

### *The Knave Before the Queen*

## TABLEAU VI

### *The Dance of Tarts*

---

## CHARACTERS

King Greatheart	Knave Blackheart
Queen Sweetheart	Reader
Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, Courtiers and Servants, as many as desired.	

## COSTUMES

These should be copied as nearly as possible from the suit of hearts in a pack of cards. If an elaborate presentation is desired, the dresses may be made of light-weight satin, satine, Turkey-red cotton, cambric, Canton flannel, etc. Otherwise, heavy sheets of brown paper may form the foundation of the dresses, the colors being laid on with water-colors or pasted on in strips and patterns of red, black, and yellow glazed paper. If of brown paper, they should be cut alike back and front, no curved lines

being used, but straight lines and angles. If reinforced with extra strips along the edges, they will stand out like pasteboard. There is to be no fullness in the costumes, the object being to make the actors look like the cards themselves. The king, queen, ladies, and maids of the court wear robes to the floor; the knave, lords, and lackeys, to the knee only, with knee-breeches, long stockings, and slippers or pumps. The eyebrows of all should be heavily marked, eyes shadowed and lips reddened, to resemble cards.

*King Greatheart*—Costume as per card; bands of ermine (Canton flannel or white muslin, spotted with charcoal) over shoulders, and sword in hand. (See picture.) King has long hair and beard, but no mustache. The wig and beard may be made of cotton yarn from a mop, or of curled paper. Crown of cardboard covered with gilt paper, with black stencil-work around it and red and black band where it fits the head.

*Queen Sweetheart*—Costume as per card. Black hair loose on shoulders, parted in middle and drawn down each side nearly to eyebrows. Crown like king's, but smaller, set on a black, hoodlike drapery which falls over hair.

*Knave Blackheart*—Costume as per card. Yellow hair, slight mustache. Red cap (see card) stenciled in Greek pattern (white), and black head-band. No weapon need be made for Knave, as he has no opportunity to hold it.

*Courtiers*—The courtiers (lords and ladies) should be the Ace, Deuce, Three and Four Spots. Their robes, knee length or ankle length, according to sex, should have a little ornamentation, black and yellow, about neck and sleeves, and the proper number of red hearts pasted on their breasts. The men have red caps, like Knave's, but without ornament, and carry battle-axes, if desired; the women wear red draperies (crêpe paper) in Italian peasant-fashion over loose hair.

*Servants*—The servants are the remaining cards in the pack. Brown-paper robes, with red bands at neck and sleeves and the proper number of red hearts. Tight-fitting skull-caps of red crêpe paper.

*Reader*—This part may be taken by a person in ordinary evening dress, by one of the lords or ladies-in-waiting in costume, as he or she is to appear later, or by a resplendent figure, on which great art may be lavished, arrayed as the Queen of Diamonds. Reader need not leave stage during tableaux, but be seated, in ornamental high-backed chair, rising for his or her next part. An ordinary arm-chair can be given a medieval effect by inserting a high back made of a board, covered with stenciled material or bold-figured wall-paper.

## TABLEAU I

## QUEEN SWEETHEART MAKING TARTS

A summer-house in center of stage is indicated for this and the following tableau. Queen Sweetheart stands at table in center of summer-house with materials for tarts at hand, and, as curtain rises, is disclosed rolling out her pastry. The Knave of Hearts is half seen in background, stealthily peeping out from behind trees.

## TABLEAU II

## BLACKHEART STEALING THE TARTS

Summer-house and table, with tarts on platter, basket, or tray. Blackheart discovered as curtain rises, leaning over table on tiptoe, and grasping the dish. His head is turned over his shoulder toward the audience, with stealthy look, and one hand and arm are raised as if listening.

## TABLEAU III

## THE INTERRUPTED SUPPER

The stage is set as a banquet-hall, and may be as grand as time and the resources of the actors will permit. It may be quite unornamented, however, and backed by screens or curtains, for interest will be centered on the table where the monarchs sit. This may be set off stage and brought in during the interlude and should have as much silver on it as parents will lend, or the actors, beforehand, will mould \* and paint or cover with gold and silver paper. The lights are lowered, as it is evening, and candles are on the table. The moment chosen for the tableau is when the servant has rushed in to announce the loss of the tarts and is standing in doorway. His face should be well floured before entrance, to show terror. Queen is weeping, head in hands, two court ladies kneeling beside her, one offering handkerchief, the other smelling salts. Courtiers and lackeys stand about the stage in various attitudes of dismay. A servant is holding a dish to the king, but casts his eyes upward in horror. The king is starting up from his seat and brandishing his sword.

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\* Clay or old newspapers soaked into soft pulp will make all the smaller dishes, time being allowed to mould and dry before coloring.

## TABLEAU IV

## THE THIEF DISCOVERED

A door center back of stage is needed for this tableau; but if this is wanting, screens, or even sheets or curtains hung at the back, may be pulled apart and held by courtiers, as if they had just been opened for the exit of the knave. The king holds him by the collar, and is raising his sword as if to beat him. Knave hangs as limp as possible, knees bent, arms pendent, half dead with terror. A number of courtiers in martial attitudes, with weapons drawn, stand at back of king to guard him. Servants may be present also, if stage is large enough, and may seem to light the scene by torches which they hold aloft.

## TABLEAU V

## THE KNAVE BEFORE THE QUEEN

Scene same as before. Curtain rises on knave of hearts kneeling at feet of queen, holding up the dish of tarts. His face is pale and his clothing torn. The king stands behind him, with frowning face, leaning on his sword. Courtiers, maids, and men look on in interested attitudes. Swords are sheathed, and servants have laid aside torches.

After a few moments have been given to look at the tableau, it becomes a moving picture. The queen rises, motions the knave to rise also, takes the platter with a gracious smile and hands it to a servant, who sets it on the table and waves his hand as if to invisible orchestra. Music begins. Sweetheart gives her hand to the king, and the servants lift the table to back of the stage. Each courtier and servant finds a partner and a stately dance is begun, if the performers can manage the minuet. Knave stands with hanging head, at left, until one of the maids draws near, pats him on shoulder coquettishly, and draws him into the dance.

If the minuet is too difficult, begin with Grand March and end with "Sicilian Circle," or something equally simple, which will engage all the performers at once, ringing down the curtain while the dance is still going on.

## ACCESSORIES

The summer-house may be made with four uprights and a skeleton roof, covered with boughs or thatched with straw or hay. If either of the latter materials is used, it should be made into long bundles and fastened down with cords. Paper vines may run up the posts and gay hollyhocks grow on each side of the front. If this is too elaborate, the four uprights may be connected by a few cross-pieces and roofed with a large Japanese umbrella. Even more simple, but quite effective, would be a large Japanese



umbrella set in a tall standard. Two or three fir-trees are placed in Christmas-tree stands near the summer-house.

If the supper-table can be set on a raised platform at the back of the stage, it will be more effective. The hanging lights may be made of barrel-hoops covered with gilded asbestos paper to which are wired tin cans (gilded) to hold the candles.

The torches for the fourth tableau may be made of poles with bunches of orange paper cut in fringes to represent flames, fastened to one end.







## THE GIANT'S SHOE

## CHARACTERS

Mother Goose

The Widow

Children



## THE GIANT'S SHOE

*An Old Tale, Amplified and Corrected*

*With Three Tableaux \**

### PART I

There once was a widow,—I will not say when,  
Lest I be accused of a lapse of the pen,—  
Who lived in a country not far from a giant,  
Whose manners were good and whose temper was pliant;  
A monstrous great fellow, his head in the sky,  
The smoke from her chimney scarce reached to his thigh;  
But different in size as they happened to be,  
Most excellent friends were the widow and he.

---

\* These verses are to be given from stage, in front of curtain, by a person in Mother Goose costume. She bows and retires at end of each section of story when curtain rises and tableau is shown.

The lady had children, a wonderful lot,  
That scrambled like ants round her rude little cot.  
The giant was childless, his spouse had departed  
Ere hardly in wedlock her journey was started,  
So freely he gave to his neighbour advice  
On training her children in ways that were nice.  
He'd seat his small friend in the palm of his hand  
And whisper (his voice was as loud as a band),  
His counsel on everything—fire and food,  
Deportment and schooling—whatever the brood  
(So small he could hardly discern them,) required;  
And all, in addition, their mother desired.  
'T is true, though he softened his voice, that one day  
He whispered so loud that he blew her away;  
But, stretching his fingers and bending his back,  
He rescued her out of a terrible crack  
That gaped in a mountain far over the sea,  
And threatened her grave and her gravestone to be.

## TABLEAU I

*The Widow and Her Brood*

## PART II

One day when the giant was walking about,  
( 'T was fortunate widow and children were out! )  
He stepped on the cottage and crushed it so flat  
It looked like a pancake, or else like a mat.  
"How clumsy!" he murmured. "Now who would have thought  
My delicate foot such a thing could have wrought?"  
Then, making a speaking-tube out of his hand,  
He roared to the family, where, on the strand,  
They gathered fresh mussels and oysters for tea,  
And told them that homeless they happened to be.

Full loud was the wailing, and fast flowed the tears,  
Till, "Hold!" cried the giant, a-stopping his ears;  
"I'll swallow ye bodily, thick ones and thin,  
Unless ye give over this terrible din!"  
The children grew silent; but mother was brave,  
And, lifting her skirts from an incoming wave,  
She shook her small fist in the old giant's face  
And told him, right bravely, he'd suffer disgrace  
If suitable shelter he did not provide,  
For his was the fault, and his wrath she defied.

## TABLEAU II

*The Widow Defying the Giant*

## PART III

The giant agreed it was careless and rude  
To step on the roof of his friend and her brood;  
But timber he had not, nor concrete, nor stone,—  
Not even a brick-yard he happened to own;  
So, how could he build them a neat little house,  
With nothing to make e'en a trap for a mouse?  
He looked toward the heavens and seemed all perplexed;  
He gazed on the ground, very troubled and vexed,  
When, sudden, his eye met the toe of his shoe,  
And then, in a moment, he knew what to do.  
"Dear Madam!" he bellowed; "my foot shall go bare  
Ere ever your family waste in despair."  
He kicked off his shoe, and, behold, a fine dwelling,—  
A house for a queen, in convenience excelling.  
With one of his saucers he made it a roof,  
'T was painted with roses, but quite weatherproof.

The tongue of the shoe made a drawbridge to lower;  
 The eyelets were windows and lighted the bower.  
 "Ho! Ho!" laughed the giant; "I've done a good deed  
 And helped a good friend in her hour of need."

. . . . .

The widow moved in, and, before day was sped,  
 She'd served all her children with broth and with bread.  
 The old story says that sound whippings they got,  
 But I'm in position to say they did not!  
 Let History answer for many such slips:  
 Not *Whippings* she gave them, but "*Strawberry Whips!*"

### TABLEAU III

#### *The Widow Serving Strawberry Whips*

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#### CHARACTERS

Mother Goose                      The Widow  
 Children, in variety.

#### COSTUMES

*Mother Goose*—Skirt of any plain color save red, with white stockings and low shoes with large buckles (pasteboard, covered with silver paper). Panniers of striped material. Plain waist with long sleeves and white fichu. Full, round, white cap (mob-cap), edged with ruffle and black ribbon around it. Crutch stick under arm. Bent shoulders, wrinkled face, and spectacles.

*Widow*—This character must be picturesque and striking in appearance. She has a bright dress, bare arms, streaming hair (preferably dark), and a red handkerchief bound about the head, gypsy fashion, with one long, hanging end. She may wear a peasant dress, if desired, of black bodice, white chemisette, and short red skirt.

*Children*—These should be many, and of all sizes. The widow is poor, and some of the children may be ragged, and all barefooted. Those whose



clothes are whole must be very simply dressed. The boys may have short trousers held up by wide crêpe paper suspenders of different colors, over white shirts; and the girls should have varicolored paper pinafores, fastened behind. Some have torn straw hats, and some paper sunbonnets, some paper caps, and some folded cocked hats of paper.

### TABLEAU I

#### THE WIDOW AND HER BROOD

Curtain rises and discloses Widow seated, center stage, superintending morning toilet of children. She holds a baby (large doll) in her lap, partly dressed, and is fastening the pinafore of a small child who stands at her side. All the other children on the stage are either dressing or helping others to dress,—brushing and braiding hair, adjusting suspenders, washing faces at tin basins, etc. Some are holding out to older ones garments they cannot put on; others, fully dressed, are playing in corners.

### TABLEAU II

#### THE WIDOW DEFYING THE GIANT

At center back of stage, chairs or stools piled together and covered with some dark drapery must be provided, to simulate a rock or hill, on which the widow stands, and looking up toward giant, shakes her fist in defiance. About her the children are grouped in every attitude of grief and woe, some of the larger ones trying to console those smaller; some sitting on ground, heads bowed in laps; some back to the audience, leaning against walls, one arm over eyes.

### TABLEAU III

#### THE WIDOW SERVING STRAWBERRY WHIPS

In the school where this little entertainment was first given, the janitor, a real "handy man," made a light wooden frame for the shoe, enlarging the ordinary measurements to the desired size. This frame the teachers covered with brown burlap, making it indeed "a fine dwelling." If this idea can be carried out, the shoe must occupy the prominent place on the stage, center back, the churn being set on the right; if too difficult, a drop curtain with shoe painted on it, may be used. Failing these two ideas, carry out final tableau as follows.

An old-fashioned churn is seen, center stage, labelled in large letters: WHIP CHURN. If no churn is to be had, one may be simulated with

## THE GIANT'S SHOE

a piece of roofing-paper, or stiff carpet-lining, rolled into shape, painted white and lettered in black, a broom-handle serving as dasher.

The widow, with an immense ladle, is serving whips to children who swarm about her with spoons and saucers. Some are already served and eating, either standing or sitting on floor; but most are holding out dishes and clamoring for the dainty.



## THE LAUNDRY-MAID'S REVENGE

## CHARACTERS

Mother Goose (The Reader)

King Nobody, Queen Nonesuch, Maid No-One, of Castle Nonsense in the  
Kingdom of Nowhere

Blackbird

Bards

Courtiers



## THE LAUNDRY-MAID'S REVENGE

*An Old Tale, Amplified and Corrected*

*With Three Sets of Tableaux \**

### PART I

There's a very old tale, in very old verse  
 And fashion that's quite antiquated,  
 And though it is simple in language, and terse,  
 Its meaning is often debated.  
 It tells of a King and a Queen and a Maid,  
 Of wonderful treasures of Money,  
 Of meals in a Parlor, all daintily laid,

---

\* A Reader, dressed as Mother Goose, appears before the curtain and gives the lines, retiring at close of each part.

Of feasting on Bread and on Honey.  
 It tells of a Blackbird, an infamous fowl,  
     A murderous fellow in feathers,  
 Whose deeds were as dark as the bandits' of old,  
     In their doublets and Córdoba leathers.  
 The Maid was a laundry-maid, comely and neat,  
     A-hanging out clothes in a garden,  
 A spot esteemed private, a shelter complete,  
     With never a guard or a warden.  
 The lass,—such a tragedy never was heard,—  
     The while an old ballad she lilted,  
 Did lose by the nip of this cruel Blackbird,  
     Her nose, all so prettily tilted!

Now all give attention! The curtain will rise,  
     And just as in life you will meet them—  
 The Maid and the Blackbird, the King and the Queen,  
     Pray, heartily, cordially greet them!  
     (*Reader retires, and curtain rises for tableaux.*)

### *Tableaux Set I*

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## PART II

The tale that I mentioned of verses has two,  
     But Time, who in tricks is prolific,  
 Has somehow inverted them,—numbered them new,  
     And mixed them in manner terrific.

'T is clear, when you read them and give them your mind,  
 The last as the first must be reckoned;  
 And equally clear does it follow, you find,  
 That verse number one is the second.

*(Reader here gives original verses.)*

Sing a song o' sixpence,  
 A pocket full of rye,  
 Four and twenty blackbirds  
 Baked in a pie.  
 When the pie was opened,  
 The birds began to sing.  
 Wasn't that a dainty dish  
 To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house,  
 Counting out his money;  
 The queen was in the parlor,  
 Eating bread and honey;  
 The maid was in the garden,  
 Hanging out the clo'es;  
 There came a little blackbird  
 And nipped off her nose.

Now follows the tale, as 't was ever, I ween,  
 In the Kingdom of Nowhere related;  
 The King was "King Nobody," "Nonesuch," the Queen;  
 The Maid was named "No-one," 't is stated.  
 The Castle was "Nonsense," a marvellous place,  
 By duteous subjects erected;  
 Of sill or foundation it hadn't a trace,—  
 The royalties never suspected!  
 One day, it is said, that the King and the Queen  
 Fell out on a trivial matter;  
 She never was blessed with a temper serene,  
 And he was as mad as a hatter.



Away to his Counting-house, swiftly he sped  
And set him to count out his Money;  
Away ran Her Majesty, tossing her head,  
And ordered a luncheon of Honey.  
The Maid,—it has never been clearly explained  
What she had to do with the story;  
But certain she never from duty refrained,  
And her's is the chief of the glory.  
As soon as her Mistress had sat down to eat,  
Away with the washing she scampered;  
Away from the suds and the steam and the heat,  
To hang out her linen, unhampered.  
But, under the bushes, just out of her sight,  
The Blackbird was wickedly lurking,  
And plotting her evil, with all of his might,  
The while she was busily working.  
With a flirt of his feathers he swiftly arose,  
As if but a nest he was robbing;  
Then speedily nipped off the pretty Maid's nose,  
And left her all sighing and sobbing.

*Tableaux Set II*

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PART III

Maid No-one was speedily laid in her bed,  
And royal physicians were bidden  
To bring a new Nose that would fit to her head,  
And all imperfections be hidden.  
King Nobody paid for the Nose in a trice;  
Queen Nonesuch agreed 't was becoming;  
And No-one, equipped with this modern device,  
Went off to her laundry a-humming.

Yet hard was her heart 'gainst the wicked Blackbird;  
Revenge she was steadily plotting:  
To him and his tribe she was oft overheard  
A punishment bitter allotting.  
With Rye in her pocket—a favourite grain  
For Blackbirds, whenever in season,—  
At night and at morning she scoured the plain,  
A huntress, with rhyme and with reason.  
She caught the birds, slaughtered them, fashionēd a pie,  
Imbedded the wretches within it,  
Invited the Court and the royalties high,  
Resolved her revenge, to begin it.  
The Court was assembled—a wonderful sight;  
The King and the Queen sat at table;  
The Pie was before them, all gaily bedight  
And filled with its occupants sable.  
The story relates that when sank the bold King  
His knife in the heart of the pasty,  
The Birds in the middle began for to sing  
In tone and in manner most tasty.  
Now, such a report is of course very wrong,  
And is likely to mystify childhood:  
'T was the *Bards*, not the *Birds*, that began on a song,  
For the Birds only sing in the wildwood.  
The Bards,—every king has a dozen or so,—  
In flowing white raiment were present;  
They played on their lyres, full loud and full low,  
And warbled in tones that were pleasant.  
The Song was regarding a Sixpence, 't is said,  
For the King was a bit of a miser;  
But over the pasty he bended his head,  
And never was any the wiser.  
Her foot on the Blackbird, the Laundry-maid stood,  
An image of Victory seeming;

She'd had her Revenge, as she said that she would,  
And now of its sweetness was dreaming.

• • • • •  
Their Majesties kept till the end of her days  
This Maid, never known to deceive 'em;  
And, as there's naught else we can say in their praise,  
A-feasting on Blackbirds we'll leave 'em.

### *Tableau III*

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### CHARACTERS

Mother Goose (The Reader)

King Nobody, Queen Nonesuch, Maid No-One, of Castle Nonsense in  
the Kingdom of Nowhere.

Blackbird

Bards

Courtiers, in variety.

### COSTUMES

*Mother Goose* (The Reader)—Skirt of any plain color, with white stockings and low shoes with large buckles. (Pasteboard, covered with silver paper). Panniers of striped material. Plain waist with long sleeves and white fichu. Full, round, white cap (mob-cap), edged with ruffle, held in by black ribbon. Crutch-stick under arm.

Bent shoulders, wrinkled face, and spectacles.

*King Nobody, Queen Nonesuch, Courtiers*—As this drama is without definite date or place of action, the King, Queen, and Courtiers may dress as pleases their fancy, so long as they are sufficiently gorgeous and regal.

The King must have a crown and sceptre, and a long train from shoulders, edged with ermine. This may be made from a piano-cover, heavy curtain, or portière, the ermine being a border of white muslin (or cambric) with charcoal spots.

The Queen has a smaller crown, trailing robes, many jewels, and carries a cane as tall as herself, covered with gold paper.

The Courtiers, as many as desired, may exercise their own ingenuity as to costumes, and "dress themselves up to the nines," or even the tens, if they have the wherewithal.

*Maid No-One*—This character wears a bright dress turned up over white petticoat, a jaunty cap and apron, and carries a basket of clothes'-pins.

*Blackbird*—This murderous fowl wears a tight-fitting sleeping-suit of any black material, which covers him to his toes and his wrists, and a black hood covering his forehead and fastened under his chin. A second pair of full, wide, draped sleeves is either gathered or plaited to his shoulders to simulate wings, and comes to the ends of his fingers. An elastic is sewed to the lower edge of the upper half of each sleeve, to hold them to the arm in flying, an art which the Blackbird must practice with diligence.

*Bards*—The Bards are draped in sheets, the drapery fastened up to the left shoulder with gilt or silver buckles. They should be provided with flowing white locks, either made of shavings, wool, flax, or tissue paper cut in narrow strips and sewed to a net head-covering. Their lyres (see Dictionary) are cut from pasteboard, and gilded or covered with gilt paper.

### SET I OF TABLEAUX

- |              |                  |
|--------------|------------------|
| 1. The King  | 2. The Queen     |
| 3. The Maid  | 4. The Blackbird |
| 5. The Bards | 6. The Courtiers |

(The stage is hung with neutral-tinted curtains, or set with screens, for these tableaux, the same background being used for all. The curtain rises for Series I, and the King is shown, standing majestically in center of stage. Pages to hold the King's train may be provided, if desired. The other figures follow, one by one, the curtain being raised and lowered for each appearance. The Queen may be attended by two Ladies-in-waiting. If there are no programmes, the Reader may announce the subjects of the tableaux.)

### SET II OF TABLEAUX

1. King, counting Money.
2. Queen, eating Honey.
- 3a. Maid, hanging Clothes; Blackbird in hiding.
- 3b. Maid in despair; Blackbird, escaping with Nose.

(A table is needed for the first two tableaux.)

In No. 1, the King is seated at center of stage, facing audience, counting, chinking, and piling tin money. Scales, if to be had, would be effective on table; also trays and boxes to hold the coins. A few Courtiers may be in attendance and one holds the sceptre.

In No. 2, the Queen is seated at table, ready to begin her feast. One Lady-in-waiting stands beside her, with the Loaf on a platter, and the bread-knife: another presents the jar of Honey, and still another holds the cane. Queen has just taken spoon, and is about to help herself.

No. 3a. For this tableau, the table is removed, and a clothes-line hung across stage. Maid, facing audience, has a clothes-basket at her feet, and is just hanging out a garment. One or two small fir trees set in stands must be provided, left stage, and behind these lurks the Blackbird, plainly seen by audience, of course.

No. 3b. Maid, side toward audience, is bent over, rocking with anguish, her face covered by a handkerchief, which she presses close with both hands. Blackbird is escaping with Nose, which he must carry in his teeth. False noses are easily procurable in any town; but one, of good size, to be easily seen, may be modelled in clay (fired,) or of papier mâché, or carved from wood and painted artistically.

### TABLEAU III

The curtain rises on a scene of regal splendor—King and Queen sit at table, center stage, beside each other and facing audience. Table is as grandly set as possible, and in front of King is a large silver dish (or tin milk-pan), with either a real top-crust, or a simulated one of brown paper.

At left of stage stands Maid, with her foot on the prostrate Blackbird, her arms folded and her head held high in triumph.

At right stand the Bards, ready to sing. The Courtiers are all present, some prepared to wait on their Majesties, with napkins on arm, pitchers, trays, etc., in hands; others watching the Maid or the Bards, one holding the Queen's cane, another the King's sceptre,—but all, of course, standing.

When curtain rises, King has just plunged carving-knife into Pie, and, with fork suspended in air, is looking in astonishment at contents. Queen is leaning toward him, and holding plate for a helping.

As soon as curtain is well up, the Bards begin "Sing a Song o' Sixpence," accompanying the song with their lyres. At second verse the Courtiers all join in, the four principal actors remaining immovable. The curtain is lowered while they are still singing.



# LITTLE JACK HORNER

## CHARACTERS

John Horner

Dame Horner

John Horner, Jr.

Doctor (The Reader)

Jack's playmates and relatives





## LITTLE JACK HORNER

*A Tragic Christmas Tale in Verse Accompanied by  
Tableaux\**

### PART I

John Horner was a citizen  
Of credit and renown;  
A Master Baker eke was he,  
Of famous Boston town.

John Horner had a trusty spouse;  
He also had a son;  
And of his deeds, both good and ill,  
You'll hear ere all is done.

---

\* These verses are read by the Doctor from the stage when the curtain is down. He should be provided with a picturesque high-backed chair, in which he sits during the tableaux.

## LITTLE JACK HORNER

Old Horner was a lusty wight,  
 As broad as he was long;  
 Dame Horner, tall and fair was she,  
 Fit subject for our song.

The infant Horner, little John,—  
 Called “Jacky” by his daddy,  
 Was neither tall, nor broad, nor long,  
 But just a wee bit laddie.

But words can never tell the tale;  
 A picture’s something better,  
 So here we’ll show them, large as life,  
 Precisely to the letter.

## TABLEAU I

*The Horner Family*

## PART II

The tale, as told by Mother Goose,  
 Seems something short in détail;  
 Not handled in a wholesale way,  
 But rather in a détail—

Why are we never plainly told,  
*What* corner Jacky sat in?  
 Why was he not away at school,  
 A-learning Greek and Latin?

Why in the *corner* did he sit?  
 Why eat alone, we question?  
 Did he pull out the dainty plum  
 For fear of indigestion?

These queries and a hundred more,  
We'll settle without trouble;  
Enough we know about the tale  
To answer more than double.

In fact, wee Jack did go to school,  
And had a wondrous teacher,  
Well-versed in modern hygiene,  
A health-preserving creature!

He galloped homeward every day,  
Replete with information  
And gave unto his pa and ma  
A regular jobation.

He'd call his father from the shop,  
His mother from the kitchen  
And preach to them about the stuff  
That spinach is so rich in:

Of proteids and of calories,  
He'd prattle without ceasing;  
His flow of words on vitamins  
Seemed every day increasing!

Well had it been if only he  
Had stored up all this knowledge  
And used it in his later years  
For lecturing at College.

Alas! he lavished it abroad,  
Nor cared for Fame or Glory,—  
His sweet unselfishness was such,—  
And hence this mournful story.

## TABLEAU II

*Jack, Lecturing His Parents*

## LITTLE JACK HORNER

## PART III

As Christmas-time was drawing nigh,  
Jack's energy redoubled.  
Mince-pies and puddings racked his brain;  
His very dreams were troubled.

"Eat not the rich and frosted cake!"  
He'd plead, in tones of passion;  
"The citron shun, forbear the plum,  
Make nuts and bran your ration!"

The Baker's trade to nothing shrank,  
For such was Jacky's power,  
He'd put the customers to flight  
And rout them in an hour.

"Refrain, refrain, my precious lamb!"  
His mother cried, lamenting;  
"Drive not away the folk who buy;  
Such folly brings repenting!"

The father said, "Give over, Jack,  
You're driving me to madness;  
Eat, if you must, your modern stuff,  
Let others feast in gladness!"

But no! the health-devoted child  
Rushed to his own perdition!  
I'll tell you all, but first I'll show  
His parents' sad condition.

## TABLEAU III

*The Horners Pleading with Their Child*

## PART IV

Old Horner still baked Christmas pies,  
Most exquisite confections,  
And Jack resolved to EAT the plums,  
Thus marking his objections.

“My duty,” cried the noble boy,  
“Is to protect my brothers.  
What boots it if of plums I die?  
I shall have shielded others!”

So saying, to his corner dim,  
The precious child betook him,  
And ate the plums from Christmas pies  
Till sight and sound forsook him.

Not only pies and puddings, too,  
But plums in cakes he swallowed—  
No wonder, taking such a course  
That such disaster followed.

They bore him to his little bed,  
A martyr to his duty,  
Lamenting he must pass away  
In pride of youth and beauty.

Old Horner hurried to his shop  
And baked till morning early;  
The eager buyers bustled in,  
All Christmas hurly-burly.

## LITTLE JACK HORNER

Did Jacky die? Oh, not at all!  
 'Twas nothing half so shocking.  
 He only lost the Christmas tree  
 And lost his Christmas stocking.

## TABLEAU IV

- (a) *Bearing the Hero to Bed*  
 (b) *The Hero on Christmas Day*

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 CHARACTERS

John Horner	John Horner, Jr.
Dame Horner	Doctor (The Reader)
Jack's playmates and relatives.	

## COSTUMES

*John Horner's* corpulent person is attired in a baker's dress and cap.

*Dame Horner* wears a simple calico or gingham frock, with an apron and a mob cap with ruffle, the fullness held in by black ribbon.

*Jack Horner's* costume must be picturesque. He should look as infantile as possible to emphasize the contrast with his learning and should wear short stockings and ankle-ties. His suit may be scarlet or green (Christmas colors) and if made in Lord Fauntleroy fashion, he should have a sash of the contrasting color and a broad lace color and cuffs. If a girl takes the part, long curls would be effective.

*Doctor*—This personage wears spectacles and a doctor's cap and gown.

*Playmates and relatives* appear but once, and may be gaily attired, according to fancy.

## TABLEAU I

## THE HORNER FAMILY

There is no change of scene in these tableaux and if scenery is to be had, any ordinary interior will do. Curtains or screens will serve as a background, however, the stage being set with such furniture as the action indicates.

In Tableau I, Father Horner is first shown, standing center stage; next Dame Horner; third, the heroic Jack and then the three together, appropriately posed.

## TABLEAU II

## JACK, LECTURING HIS PARENTS

Jack stands on stool at right of stage. A blackboard is set on an easel, center back, covered with tables giving various food-values. If lettering can be made sufficiently plain, print at top, "*Horner's Health Clinic*."

Jack holds pointer in hand and is facing parents who sit in front of him (left), side by side. Father holds a rolling-pin and mother clutches a soup-ladle. Both are looking up at child in astonishment; father's mouth is slightly open as he stares and mother, leaning back, holds up her hands in wonder.

## TABLEAU III

## THE HORNERS PLEADING WITH THEIR CHILD

Jack, still on his stool, pointer in hand, stands center stage, arms folded, looking straight before him, inflexibly determined. Mother kneels right, hands pressed together and held high in supplication. Father kneels left on one knee, holding baker's cap in left hand and extending right as if in argument.

## TABLEAU IV (a)

## BEARING THE HERO TO BED

Four relatives, of any age, size or sex, bearing Jack's stiff and unconscious form, head procession which moves across stage from right to left and may be accompanied, if desired, by mournful strains on the piano. ("Funeral March of a Marionette" would be suitable.) Behind the Hero, comes Dame Horner, bowed with grief, wringing hands and walking with difficulty; Father follows, wiping his eyes and then a train of relatives and playmates, as many as desired, in all stages and attitudes of affliction. If blackboard is light enough, let two playmates carry it, lettering toward audience. The tragedy is up to date in every respect, so all costumes may be modern.

## TABLEAU IV (b)

## THE HERO ON CHRISTMAS-DAY

A large easy-chair, stuffed with pillows, is set center stage, a small table beside it and footstool in front. Jack is in chair, a night-dress slipped over costume, his face well-floured and his head tied up in a large white bandage, the ends sticking up behind like a rabbit's ears. His eyes are closed and he leans back wearily, his knees covered with blankets. The



table is set thick with bottles and some are on floor. Behind the chair stands Mother Horner with fan and beside it the Doctor with the largest bottle procurable and an immense mixing-spoon. He is bending over Jack, presenting the draught.

If this finale seems too depressing, it is suggested that curtain be raised a third time to show Jack, restored to health, a holly crown on his head, dancing in the middle of a ring formed by his parents, the Doctor, his relatives and playmates.



## SCHOOL-BELL FEVER

## CHARACTERS

Mother

Child

Doctor

Dennis



## SCHOOL-BELL FEVER

(*"Febris Tintinnabuli, Scholastica"*)

### SCENE I

*Curtain rises disclosing MOTHER at work by table, either darning stockings, knitting or sewing. Workbasket by side. As curtain goes up shouts and laughter of children are heard off stage with thump of skipping ropes, bouncing of balls, blasts of tin horns, etc. MOTHER goes quietly on with work for a few seconds until a bell is heard to ring violently. Dead silence follows. MOTHER raises her head and calls.*

MOTHER:

Amanda! (or Frederick!) Amanda!! (*Waits a moment then speaks aside*) I should think the child was deaf, but she

(he) isn't dumb, if I can judge from the shouts I just heard.  
(*Raises voice.*) Amanda!! Didn't you hear the school bell?  
(*Lays down work and rises, looking toward door.*)

(*Door slowly opens and child enters with dragging feet and hanging head.*)

AMANDA: (*slowly and feebly*)

Here I am, Mother. Did you want me?

MOTHER:

Didn't you hear the school bell?

AMANDA: (*holding hand to head*)

Well—I thought I heard *something*, but I wasn't sure—I feel so sick, Mother, I don't see *how* I can go to school.

MOTHER: (*still standing*)

Feel sick! Why, a moment ago you were screaming like a steam whistle!

AMANDA: (*changing hand to side where she seems to have a pain*)

Yes, that was when the pain began—(*panting*)—just like a knife!—(*Sinks into chair.*)

MOTHER: (*still standing and looking over spectacles at child*)

Just like a knife, hey? Well, that *is* bad (*shaking head*); no doubt you are going to have a long sickness. (*Starts toward door.*) I'll send for the doctor at once.

AMANDA: (*faintly*)

Oh no, Mother. I think if I lie down for a while and look at my new picture book I shall feel much better.

MOTHER: (*opening door and holding it ajar*)

No, indeed, Amanda. That wouldn't do at all. You need medicine for such a pain as that. (*Calling from door*)—Denis, get the doctor at once. Amanda is very sick.

*Gruff voice off stage*

Yes, ma'am, I'll run quick.

AMANDA: (*beginning to sniff*)

Oh, no, Mother, I don't *need* any medicine.

MOTHER: (*returning to child*)

Oh, yes, you do, you poor child, and you must lie down at once and let me make the room dark. (*Takes child by hand, child still sniffing and beginning to sob and leads her to sofa. Business of helping her to lie down, arranging cushions, covering with afghan, etc.*) Now lie quiet till the doctor comes and he'll give you some medicine to cure you. (*Begins to lower shades, or drop curtains.*) Do you suffer just as much now?

AMANDA:

Oh, no, Mother. (*Half-sitting up and in stronger voice*)—The pains seem to be gone and I feel *much* better.

MOTHER: (*shaking head seriously*)

Oh, it's a bad sign when pains come and go like that. You must have perfect quiet and no exciting food. Your father and I are going to have chicken pie and ice cream for dinner, but I'll make you a nice piece of dry toast.

AMANDA: (*breaking out into loud sobs*)

Oh, Mother, I w-w-w-want i-c-c-ce c-r-r-r-ream, too! Oh, Mother, I don't *feel* sick.

(*Curtain.*)

## SCENE II

*Room a little dusky from lowered shades. Strong odor of camphor, which audience will soon perceive. Bowl of water on table. Child on sofa with closed eyes and wet bandages around head. MOTHER sits beside her, working. Tap is heard at door.*

MOTHER:

Come in! (*Doctor enters.*) Oh, good morning, Doctor. (*Rises and shakes hands.*) I am glad that you could come so soon.

DOCTOR: (*laying cane and medicine case on table*)

I was very busy in my office, but I could not let the poor child suffer. How does she seem now? (*Opens case and takes thermometer from pocket.*)

MOTHER:

She has fallen asleep after terrible pain in her head (*Lays hand to head with expression of agony*) and in her side here, like a knife. (*Shows spot and gasps.*)

DOCTOR:

I must wake her and take her temperature. (*Approaches sofa.*)

AMANDA: (*in awed voice, sitting up and taking bandage from head*)

What is the doctor going to do, Mother?

MOTHER:

Only take your temperature. Lie down, my child. It will not hurt very much and if it does, it is better than that knife-like pain!

(*Child lies down and doctor puts thermometer in mouth.*)



DOCTOR: (*laying hand on child's head and then feeling pulse*)

Does she have these attacks often, Madam?

MOTHER: (*putting handkerchief to eyes*)

Oh, yes, Doctor, very often and always at this time, between eight and nine o'clock, and just after her father goes to his office!

DOCTOR: (*groaning*)

Oh, very bad, very bad, Madam. I sympathize with you deeply. The malady is well known, I regret to say; it is what is commonly called "School-bell Fever" or *Febris Tintinnabuli Scholastica*.

(*Takes out thermometer and holds it to light.*)

MOTHER: (*weeping, face buried in handkerchief*)

Oh, my poor child. I fear there is no hope for her, my little, lost Amanda!

AMANDA: (*sits up, but is promptly returned to place by Doctor*)

Don't cry, Mother, I'm all well.

DOCTOR:

No, my child, you cannot be well, for you have not taken your medicine. (*Goes to medicine case and comes back with a soup ladle and a large bottle filled with black liquid.*)

MOTHER: (*raising her head with animation*)

Don't stint the poor child, Doctor, give her plenty! Her father would be glad to pay for a gallon of medicine, if it would cure her.

AMANDA: (*throwing off afghan and rising with determination*)

Indeed I am quite well, thank you, dear Mother and kind Doctor. (*Curtseys or bows to each.*) I think perhaps I'd

better start for school right now, for I remember our class has a hard 'rithmetic lesson to-day.

DOCTOR: (*still holding ladle and bottle and turning to Mother*)

The child indeed seems better, Madam. Could we not make some simple tests to see if she can stand the strain of study? Can you clap your hands, my child?

(*Mother rises and watches, standing by Doctor. Imitates in dumb show whatever child does. Amanda claps hands violently.*)

DOCTOR: (*setting bottle and ladle on table*)

Can you jump up and down?

(*Amanda jumps several times.*)

DOCTOR:

Can you skip?

(*Amanda skips around stage.*)

DOCTOR:

Can you dance? So—(*lifting up gown and taking steps*)—  
Tra-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la!

AMANDA: (*imitating him*)

Tra-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la!

DOCTOR: (*turning to Mother*)

The child is cured, Madam.

MOTHER: (*pressing fee into his hand*)

Ah, what a noble art is yours, my dear sir.

(*If a boy is taking the part let his accomplishments be substituted: turning somersaults, standing on head, etc.*)

AMANDA: (*kissing Mother and shaking hands with Doctor*)

Good-by, Mother. Good-by, Doctor, I'm off to school.

(*Runs out of room. Mother and Doctor face each other, smiling and shaking heads.*)

(*Curtain.*)

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### CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

*Mother*—Costume according to choice, but a white apron, white surplice or neckerchief, cap and spectacles should be worn. Gray or white hair and side curls if desired.

*Child*—The child, either boy or girl, should be from six to ten years old and wear appropriate costume, either white or light in color. If a girl, short socks and ankle-ties, flowing hair or curls are effective, and a sun-bonnet or broad hat hanging by strings from neck. Boy may wear white Russian blouse and trousers, or white sailor suit and carry cap in hand.

*Doctor*—Skullcap and long black gown (cambric), broad white collar and spectacles. Long gray hair and beard of yarn or ravelled rope. Carries medicine case and walks with cane.

*Dennis* (Voice off Stage).

### SETTING

An ordinary room with a table and chairs, and a sofa provided with cushions and afghan.





TOM GOES TO LONDON

## CHARACTERS

Granny Garland

Garland Granddaughters

Queen

Court Attendants

Usher

Lazy Tom: afterwards Sir Thomas Cat of Mount Catten

White Kitten

Mouse



## TOM GOES TO LONDON

*A Cat-tale in Four Waves With Musical Accompaniment*

*(One change of scene.)*

Pussy, where have you been today?  
"Out in the meadow, asleep in the hay."  
Pussy, you are a lazy cat,  
If you have done no more than that!

. . . . .

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?  
"I've been to London to visit the Queen."  
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?  
"I frightened a little mouse under her chair."



## SCENE I

"Spinning Song" (Mendelssohn), may precede this scene, or any other composition of the kind, to be found in music-albums.

*Curtain rises on GRANNY GARLAND, seated knitting, center stage, in picturesque high-backed chair. On either side are grouped granddaughters, as many as desired, all engaged in handiwork of one kind or another, the idea being to represent an old-time housewife at work among her maidens.*

GRANNY GARLAND: (*raising head from work*)

Children, where is Tom today?

GRANDCHILDREN: (*in unison*)

We do not know, grandmamma.

GRANNY:

No one of you has seen him?

GRANDCHILDREN: (*in unison*)

No, grandmamma.

GRANNY:

An idle Tom. He wastes his time. Go, Elizabeth, and see if he is in the pantry, and, Jane, look in the kitchen. Susan, run you to the cellar and call him.

[*Exit JANE, SUSAN, and ELIZABETH (any three of the girls), returning in a moment, entering at same time and saying in unison:*

JANE, SUSAN, ELIZABETH:

'He is not to be found, grandmamma.

GRANNY:

Alas, a lazy cat! Bid the maids call him, Priscilla.

[Exit PRISCILLA (any other girl). A moment's silence, while all go on working busily. Enter PRISCILLA, who takes her seat and her work, followed, after a brief interval, by TOM, walking upright, of course. Wisps of hay are sticking to his fur, and he tries to brush them off as he enters and stands before GRANNY.]

GRANNY: (with great dignity)

Good-morning, idle Tom.

TOM:

Good-morning, madam. (Bowing low.)

GRANNY: (severely)

What have you been about today, Tom?

TOM:

Oh, always at work, always at work, madam. I inspected the kitchen floor under the stove this morning, fearing it was getting too warm; but the cook would not let me stay there long enough to find out what was the matter.

[GRANDDAUGHTERS look at one another, raise eyebrows, smile and nod.]

GRANNY:

Did you do anything else, Tom?

TOM:

I went to the pantry, madam, and was about to smell a dish of cream, just to see if those wretched mice had been near it,

when the waitress took a broom to me. My intentions were of the best, madam, (*wipes eyes with paw*) but I am always misjudged. (*Sniffs pathetically.*)

GRANDDAUGHTERS: (*in unison, shaking heads*)

He is always misjudged, poor Tom!

GRANNY: (*frowning*)

Be quiet, children. (*Turning to Cat.*) And what then, Tom?

TOM:

I went to the meadow and was looking over a haystack to find a nest of field-mice when the maids called me.

PRISCILLA:

The maids *said* he was asleep, grandmamma, and they had to call him twice.

TOM: (*turning on her, angrily*)

What do the maids know of the art of catching mice, Priscilla? Often a hunter has to *pretend* to be asleep, or he would never secure his game.

GRANNY: (*nodding in assent*)

Very true, Tom. You have a glib tongue, and can explain your actions to the Queen's taste; but when all is said and done, you are but a lazy cat! You must do, in future, much more than you have done of late, or you will never be worthy of this diligent household. (*Looks with approval around her.*)

TOM: (*boldly*)

Talking of queens, madam, I have an idea. You shall not again say that I am idle. I will go to London, on foot and alone, to visit our own belovéd sovereign!

GRANNY:

Go to London to see the Queen!

GRANDDAUGHTERS: (*in unison*)

Go to London! (*Stopping work and holding up hands.*)

GRANNY:

And what will you do there, Tom?

TOM:

I know not, madam. It may be that I can do Her Majesty some service.

GRANNY:

This is folly, Tom. The Queen would *never* see you.

TOM:

If a cat can look at a King, madam, he surely may have a peep at a Queen! It is enough! I will show that I am *not* idle! (*Looks around the semi-circle, proudly.*) I go to make ready for the journey, and will return to bid you farewell.

[*Exit, hastily, waving his paw.*]

GRANNY: (*dropping knitting, and looking at granddaughters*)

Well, well, well; so idle Tom is going to London!

GRANDDAUGHTERS: (*in unison; looking with astonishment at one another*)

Tom is going to London!

(*Curtain.*)

## SCENE II

*"Wanderers' Song" (Schumann), "Good-bye, Sweetheart" (Hatton), "To Wander Is the Miller's Joy," "Good-night, Ladies," or "Good-night, Farewell, My Own True Love," (College Songs,) may precede this scene.*

*Curtain rises, showing same interior and same figures, save that PRISCILLA'S chair is vacant. Work going on as usual.*

PRISCILLA enters and approaches GRANNY.

PRISCILLA:

Tom is without, Granny, and wishes to know if he can come in and bid you farewell.

GRANNY: (*bowing in assent, and waving hand majestically*)

Bid him enter!

[TOM enters in travelling costume, as described in directions, takes off cap, and bows low to GRANNY and granddaughters.]

TOM:

I leave, madam, at once, for a far country, and have come to say farewell.

GRANNY:

London is only fifty miles away, Tom, but I fear (*shaking head sadly*), you will have your trouble for your pains. You can never see the Queen!

TOM:

It may be: but at least I will prove to you all (*waving paw, dramatically*) that I am no idler, but a Cat of spirit and energy.. Farewell, madam; farewell, my old companions!

[*Moves away, slowly, wiping eyes with paw.*]

GRANNY:

Farewell, Thomas. Children, bid Thomas farewell!

*[Grandchildren, all save PRISCILLA, start from seats and surround TOM, shaking hands, patting him on shoulders, etc., and go with him to door. All exit but GRANNY (who looks after group with interest), and PRISCILLA, who weeps, head in arms, on back of chair.]*

*(Curtain.)*

## SCENE III

*Same interior, made magnificent. GRANNY'S chair covered with drapery will do for throne. Screens, cushions, embroidered curtains, tall vases of flowers, palms in pots,—anything decorative that can hastily be added to the scene will serve.*

*While these are being set in place, the "Boccherini Minuet," or that from "Don Giovanni," suggesting a court scene, may be played.*

*QUEEN on throne; attendants grouped in semicircle about her.*

*Enter USHER, bowing repeatedly as he approaches QUEEN.*

USHER:

A simple Cat from the country, Your Majesty, requests an audience. The servants were about to send him away, but I ventured to detain him.

QUEEN:

You were right. The meanest of my subjects may approach

me. Fearless am I, nor need be feared of any. Let the cat approach!

[USHER *backs toward door, waving wand, and beckons* TOM. USHER *remains at door.* TOM *enters, without stick, bundle or purse, but with a sword hanging from belt, and a short cape attached to his shoulders.* QUEEN *motions him with scepter to come nearer, and he kneels before her.*

QUEEN: (*graciously*)

You are welcome, young sir. You come to us from the country, we hear. What may be your name and family?

TOM: (*still kneeling*)

My name is Tom, Your Majesty, of the race of Tomcats. It is said that in King Arthur's time one of my blood was a favourite at court.

QUEEN:

Methinks I have heard so. And what can we do for you, young sir?

TOM:

Nothing, my Queen. I came but to see your majestic face and hear your regal voice.

QUEEN:

It is well. You may rise, Tom. (*Tom rises.*) The meanest of my subjects may approach me. Fearless am I, nor need be feared . . . (*breaks off suddenly in alarm and looks about her*). Did anyone hear a noise?

ATTENDANTS: (*in unison*)

No, Your Majesty.



QUEEN: (*beginning again*)

Fearless am I, nor need be feared . . . (*breaks off again*).  
Did no one hear a—a—sort of scratching underneath my  
throne? [*Looks down, uneasily, raising her robes a little.*]

ATTENDANTS: (*in unison*)

No, Your Majesty.

[*TOM stoops head as if listening, and draws nearer throne. ATTENDANTS start forward as if to reprove his impertinence. QUEEN rises in alarm; but all stand transfixed as TOM suddenly goes down on all fours and pounces at something on floor. Combat ensues, attended by growls, meows, and snarls, executed off stage and watched in fright and excitement by QUEEN and followers. QUEEN resumes throne, pants, and fans herself. TOM rises at length with mouse dangling from paw, and, bowing, lays it at QUEEN'S feet. ATTENDANTS look at each other in amaze.*]

TOM: (*grandly*)

Here is the enemy, Your Majesty.

QUEEN:

Thou hast done me a great service, young sir, and I will as greatly repay it. Kneel before me!

[*TOM kneels, and QUEEN rises, scepter in hand.*]

QUEEN:

With this scepter I admit thee to the company of my nobles.  
(*Touches him lightly on shoulder with scepter.*) Rise, Sir  
Thomas Cat of Mount Catten!

[*TOM rises, approaches QUEEN, and kisses her hand.*]

QUEEN:

Thou mayst now betake thyself to thy rustic home, Sir Thomas, for thou hast seen thy Queen. Take this in remembrance of her! [*Throws her chain about his neck.*]

[*TOM kisses chain, fervently, and backs away from throne toward door, which USHER opens for him.*]

(*Curtain.*)

## SCENE IV

*"Home, Sweet Home," "Home Again From a Foreign Shore," and "Auld Lang Syne," may be played while court decorations are being removed.*

*Curtain rises on first interior. All figures same. Same business. PRISCILLA'S chair again vacant.*

*Door opens, and PRISCILLA enters. She closes door, and stands quietly, looking at GRANNY.*

GRANNY:

What is it, Priscilla? Do your errand quickly, and come back to your work.

PRISCILLA:

A grand gentleman has arrived from Court, grandmamma, and begs the privilege of seeing you.

GRANNY: (*laying down work, brushing off dress, and settling cap*)

A grand gentleman! (*Excitedly.*) Run, Jane, fetch a cup of cordial for the visitor. Susan, run for cakes. Elizabeth, have the guest-room prepared. What is the gentleman's name, Priscilla?

PRISCILLA:

Sir Thomas Cat of Mount Catten, Granny.

GRANNY: (*with puzzled look*)

I remember no such title, child; but bid the gentleman come in.

[PRISCILLA opens door, and SIR THOMAS CAT of Mount Catten enters, to the tune of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes."]

GRANNY and GRANDDAUGHTERS: (*in unison*)

Why, this is Idle Tom!

SIR THOMAS: (*center stage*)

No longer Idle Tom, ladies. I am a Noble of the Queen's Court, and styled by Her Majesty herself, Sir Thomas Cat of Mount Catten!

[Enter JANE with tray, holding bottle and glasses; SUSAN with a plate of cakes, and ELIZABETH with a candle and candlestick. All three stand transfixed.]

GRANNY: (*rising*)

You are welcome, Sir Thomas. Priscilla, offer Sir Thomas a seat; Jane and Susan, bring your cakes and cordial. Perhaps you will tell us of your visit to Court, Sir Thomas.

[GRANNY sits down.]

SIR THOMAS (*seating himself and waving away cakes and cordial, which girls set on table, then retiring to seats*).

It was brief, madam,—brief but delightful! And as I was able to do Her Majesty a small service, she repaid me not only with a title, but with this chain from her royal neck. [*Lifts chain.*]

GRANNY:

And what was the service, Sir Thomas, if I may ask?

GRANDDAUGHTERS: (*in unison*)

What *was* the service, Sir Thomas?

SIR THOMAS: (*rising, and with great emphasis*)

Alone and unaided, madam, with helpless attendants standing by, I killed a Mouse beneath Her Majesty's chair!

GRANNY:

Killed a mouse, and alone! Ah, Sir Thomas, I fear I have never valued you enough! (*Sighs and shakes head.*) Come, my children, and congratulate Sir Thomas.

[GRANDDAUGHTERS *gather around him, make courtesies, etc., returning at once to seats.*

GRANNY:

And do I understand, Sir Thomas, that you have returned to this humble spot, and will again take up your interrupted service?

SIR THOMAS: (*looking upward and sighing, with hand placed on heart*)

Home is where the heart is, madam.

GRANNY:

True, true! (*Nodding head in assent.*) I am not so old that I cannot understand you. Priscilla, (*turning quickly to girl*) fetch the White Kitten, and tell her that Sir Thomas awaits her for the wedding ceremony!

[*Exit PRISCILLA.* SIR THOMAS *clasps paws in ecstasy and watches door. A Wedding March is heard.*

*"Swedish Wedding March" is suitable. PRISCILLA enters promptly, leading WHITE KITTEN. SIR THOMAS goes to meet her, takes her paw, and they stand together in front of GRANNY. GRAND-DAUGHTERS group themselves each side, facing audience, as if for ceremony. Wedding March continues softly to end of play.*

GRANNY: (*rising*)

Bless you, bless you, my children, and may your line never perish from the earth! All hail (*raising hand high*). Sir Thomas and Lady Cat of Mount Catten!

GRANDDAUGHTERS: (*in unison and with similar gestures*)

All hail! All hail!

CURTAIN *falls to crashing performance of Wedding March.*

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## CHARACTERS

Granny Garland

Garland Granddaughters (In desired number)

Queen

Court Attendants (In desired number)

Usher

Lazy Tom: afterwards Sir Thomas Cat of Mount Catten

White Kitten

Mouse

## COSTUMES

*Granny Garland*—Traditional dress for old lady, with cap with floating strings, knitting, and spectacles. She must be *well* dressed, as she is supposed to be a dame of high degree. A table beside her holds a basket with work-materials.

*Garland Granddaughters*—Long skirts to ankle; white aprons; white mob caps, either gathered in with black ribbons, or these varying according to taste.

*Queen*—As Queen does not have to walk about, but only rises from her seat to speak, she may be hastily draped in an embroidered curtain or portière; or she may be a "White Queen," gowned in sheets and lace curtains. Her train must be long, however, lying in folds about the foot of the throne, and she must have a gorgeous crown and scepter (see Dictionary), gem-studded, if desired. She may be decked with jewels, and one, at least, of her necklaces (if it be only of popped corn and cranberries,) must be long and heavy enough to admit of its being removed and thrown about Sir Thomas' neck. She may wear a fan on a chain, or have one beside her on table.

*Court Attendants*—These may be dressed in court costume, with crêpe paper coats in different colors and cocked hats to match with full rosettes; or, if ordinary clothes must be worn, the performers should borrow long capes, one corner thrown over the left shoulder, to conceal ordinary wear below. In any case cocked hats are needed, and long spears which they hold as they stand in martial attitude on each side of Queen.

*Usher*—Court costume, or a black velvet suit, if to be had. No hat. Wand of office. Large white favor in button-hole.

*Lazy Tom*—Tom's suit may be gray, black, or white spotted with black (spots made with crayon or charcoal); but must be of a furry material as Canton flannel, plush, velvet, or duvetyne. It is cut like a child's sleeping-suit, with feet (patterns at any Department store), and is worn directly over underwear. The sleeves cover the hands, but must be loose enough not to cramp fingers. A hood with cape, cut with pointed ears, is drawn tight over head, the cape pulled down under suit to keep hood in place. Joining may be covered by Eton or sailor collar with sailor tie. Tom may also wear a sleeveless Eton jacket, if desired. His tail is made separately and sewed to suit, and is stuffed with cotton, or with a properly-shaped piece of wood wound with yarn. It will have to trail, of course, unless some ingenious lad can run a stiff wire through it and attach a cord which the animal can manage himself, raising and lowering it at pleasure. Entire cat dresses may sometimes be had at a costumer's, if expense is no object; and cat masks may sometimes be found, which will fasten to hoods of home-made suits.

When Tom makes his farewell visit before going to London, he wears a feathered hat or cap of fancy style, top boots, and carries a stick to which is tied a bundle wrapped in a red bandanna. Rubber boots, properly ornamented, will serve for his foot-gear; and if he is a black or gray cat, a jacket, cap and boots of red would be attractive. He wears a belt around his waist, with a hanging purse attached. In court scene he wears a sword and a short plaited cape (paper will serve) hanging from shoulders.

*White Kitten*—White suit, cut like Tom's, with trailing tail. She wears a wedding veil (lace or muslin curtain), and a wide white ribbon



around neck (paper, if desired), with a large bow under chin. The author has sometimes made a very attractive tortoise-shell kitten,—white suit, with spots of yellow and black, and yellow tail.

*Mouse*—The Mouse is seen but for a moment, and at a distance; so a bit of gray-brown material of cylinder shape stuffed with cotton and provided with a long shoe-string tail, shoe-button eyes, and short wire legs will serve very well. The animal must of course be large enough to be seen by audience.

### SCENES

Any ordinary interior will serve, furnished according to fancy, with high-backed chair and table beside it for Granny. The Court Scene, however, must be made gorgeous with hangings, cushions, and draperies of brilliant colors.







## MARY'S MAGIC

## CHARACTERS

Reader

Mistress Mary

Flower-maidens



## MARY'S MAGIC

*An Old Tale, Retold*

IN THREE PARTS

*With Three Tableaux and a Closing Dance of Flowers*

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?"  
"With cockle-shells and silver bells  
And fair maids all in a row."

### PART I

Tell us who was Mary, quite contrary,  
She of whom the old rhyme sings?  
Surely an enchantress, or a fairy,  
Surely something wonderful, with wings.

If she were an ordinary being,  
 How would cockles in her garden grow?  
 None of us, you cannot help agreeing,  
 Ever raised fair maidens in a row.

Listen! You shall hear the pretty story;  
 Hear how Mary wove her magic spell;  
 Waved her wand, and flowers bloomed in glory;  
 Sowed a seed and grew a silver bell.

This is Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
 Like a sweet embodiment of Spring;  
 Never of her favours is she chary;  
 Sunshine, love, and laughter does she bring.

## TABLEAU I

*Mistress Mary*

## PART II

Mary had a special kind of magic,  
 Good for making blossoms grow and thrive;  
 Never used for transformations tragic,—  
 Just for making flowers come alive.

“Babies’ Breath” she sowed, and quick there flourished  
 Lasses, like a flower, straight and tall;  
 Cockle-shells and silver bells she nourished,  
 Blowing, growing, by her garden wall.

See the dainty flower-maidens bringing  
 Fragrance, filling all the garden air;  
 Hear the bells of silver, softly ringing  
 Happy tunes that happy mortals share!

## TABLEAU II

*The Flower Maidens*

## PART III

Once the garden made and safely growing,  
 Fairy Mary wove another charm:  
 Gave her flowers life, on them bestowing  
 Power to brighten earth, but never harm.

Forth from out the garden fair she led them;  
 Half awake, they followed in a trance,  
 Turning, swaying, swirling, swift she sped them,  
 Living blossoms, whirling in a dance.

Such a dance, a summer feast of flowers,  
 Mary brings before you here to-night:  
 So the sunbeams dance along the hours,  
 So the firefly twinkles in his flight.

## TABLEAU III

*The Dance of the Flowers*

## CLOSING VERSE

Mary, now the blossom-dance is over,  
 Sends her fair ones tripping to their beds,  
 Deep in garden grass and meadow clover,  
 Where they bow their sleepy little heads.

## CHARACTERS

Reader

Flower-maidens

Mistress Mary

## COSTUMES

*The Reader* is to be a little girl in Kate Greenaway costume of white, pink, or blue, i.e., a short waist, cut round in the neck, with elbow sleeves

and long skirt touching the floor. Sleeves and neck edged with deep ruffles. Large, round, white cap, with deep ruffle, held in by broad ribbon.

A high-backed chair and reading-desk are provided for her, at left of stage. She stands to read verses, sitting through the tableaux, and reads from an immense book, which may be made of newspapers stitched together, covers being made of pasteboard and labelled MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

*Mistress Mary* must be made to look as much as possible like a fairy. Her costume is white, and of gauzy material. She wears a crown, carries a wand, and is provided with wings. Any boy who can make a kite-frame can devise wing-frames of bamboo or wire, which can be covered with white material and further ornamented with fluffy feathers of muslin, or crêpe paper, pasted in place. The wings can be fastened on with gold straps over the shoulders, but must be made secure for the necessary dancing.

*Flower-maidens*—Each girl who takes part in the entertainment (the number, so long as it is a dozen or so, being of no importance,) should select her own flower and be responsible for her costume. All alike wear a low-necked, short-sleeved, green slip of cheese-cloth, to which her particular decorations are added. Flowers such as the daisies (yellow and white), roses and poppies (pink, and red, and white), wistaria, corn flower, buttercup, marigold, dahlia, cosmos, etc., or any blossom having large petals, are the easiest to make, and can be fashioned from crêpe paper. The neck of the green slip is edged with these flowers, which may be made larger than natural size, and the ingenuity of the performers must be taxed to devise paper caps, or wreaths, to adorn their heads and suggest their chosen blossoms. Long garlands of such of these flowers as prove simplest to make, may also be provided to use in some of the figures of the closing dance.

*Scene*—If scenery is to be had, a garden is of course shown. If not, screens or curtains will have to serve; and the garden beds, where the flowers are to stand, must be edged with dark green crêpe paper cut to simulate grass. Any trees, shrubs, branches, vines, or large plants in pots, which can be introduced, will make a great improvement in the scene.

## TABLEAU I

### MISTRESS MARY

As curtain rises, Mary trips (or dances) across stage, from left, waving her wand, sinks to a low courtesy in center, and so remains while curtain falls.



## TABLEAU II

## THE FLOWER MAIDENS

The Flower-maidens are all in place as curtain rises, set either in groups or lines, according to shape and size of stage. Their hands are folded across their breasts, and they stand as still as possible. Bird-songs, imitated from the wings, would be an addition to the tableau.

## TABLEAU III

## THE DANCE OF THE FLOWERS

Whether this dance is simple or elaborate depends on the performers. It may be very simple indeed,—merely a tripping to music of little children in rhythmic evolutions such as are used in kindergartens; or it may be more elaborate figures by older girls who have learned to dance. In either case, curtain rises upon flower-maidens, standing as before. Mary enters, from left, whirling to waltz-music, and touches a flower-maiden with her wand, who immediately starts to life and pursues her in a game of "Follow-my-Leader." All other flowers are brought to life and follow in same way, and the dance then proceeds according to the skill of the performers. The curtain falls upon the last movement of the dance, and, while it is still down, the Reader gives the closing verse.

The curtain rises for the last time to the music of the flower-dance, and the flowers are grouped about Mary, center stage. Raising her wand, she beckons them to follow her, and leads them to their former places in the garden. When all are in position, she moves among them all, to the music of a slumber song, touching each one with her wand. They fall asleep, with closed eyes and hanging heads, as she passes, and she disappears, right, as curtain falls.





## A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

## CHARACTERS

Reader

St. Nicholas

Mother

Daughter

Three Sleeping Children



## A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS\*

*Arranged for Pantomime*

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.  
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
 While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;  
 And Mama in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—  
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter  
 I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
 Tore open the shutter, and threw up the sash.  
 The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow  
 Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;

---

\* By Clement C. Moore

When what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.  
"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,  
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.  
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound:  
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot:  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.  
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly  
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf:  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings: then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim ere they drove out of sight  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

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## SUGGESTIONS FOR PERFORMANCE

*(Poem to be read during pantomime.)*

## SCENE

An old-time New England bedroom. Bare floor, with braided or "drawn-in" rugs. One window (practicable), with small panes of glass, curtained with a narrow white ruffle across top and one long breadth hanging down each side. Old-fashioned, straight-backed chairs, and a rocker with calico cushions. Bed with white vallances and curtains, and patchwork quilt. Trundle-bed, also with patchwork quilt, drawn out from beneath large bed and occupied by three sleeping children. Light-stand, with candlestick and snuffers, beside bed. Warming-pan hanging on wall near by. Simulated fireplace with large practicable opening: brickwork about it of Dennison paper: shelf above with large tropic shells, and a plaster copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Praying Samuel," or a pair of old-fashioned candlesticks. Five stockings of graduated sizes and different colors hang from shelf.

## CHARACTERS

Reader

St. Nicholas (Lad of fourteen to sixteen years.)

Mother (Either a grown person, or girl of twelve to fourteen years.)

Daughter (Girl of ten to twelve years.)

Three Sleeping Children

## COSTUMES

*Reader*—To be dressed, if desired, as the French "Lady of Christmas," (La Dame de Noël,) in long, white drapery, with a long, transparent



white veil. She wears a golden crown, cut according to fancy, over her floating hair, and a wide girdle of green pine-twigs sewed to soft muslin.

*St. Nicholas*—Costume fully described in poem.

*Mother*—This character is asleep during entire scene, but wears a nightdress, and a large white handkerchief tied about her head, its ends conspicuously knotted on top.

*Children* also sleep during performance. They wear nightgowns, the necks of which show, and perhaps a sleeve when an arm is thrown out on the pillow. One red flannel nightgown is a good contrast, but any bright red material would serve to make it.

*Daughter*—Must be provided with as quaint and decorative a nightcap as can be found (charming caps can be made of crêpe paper), and a long nightdress. She hastily puts on a dressing-gown and slippers (preferably pale blue), when she springs from her bed.

Curtain rises to any gay Christmas music, or to any merry Santa Claus or Christmas Eve song familiar to the audience. A sleigh-bell accompaniment is appropriate. Bedroom scene is disclosed, mother, daughter, and three younger children all asleep. Music goes on to give effect of scene, until Reader appears. Reader (may be invisible, if desired,) stands at left of stage, and begins poem. At Line 7 a far-off clattering of tiny hoofs and ringing of sleigh-bells is simulated, off stage, continuing through Lines 8 and 9. At Line 9, Daughter sits up to listen, and at Line 10, springs from bed. Reader pauses for the putting on of gown and slippers, then goes on with Lines 11 and 12, whose wording Daughter follows. Daughter leans from window during next eight lines, first looking upward toward moon, and then out to where St. Nicholas is approaching. Draws in head and glances toward bed to see if anybody else hears; then looks out again. The pattering of hoofs draws nearer through next eight lines, and whistles, cracking of a whip, and jingling of bells are heard more plainly. Then comes the prancing on the roof of the reindeer, and at Line 31 Daughter draws in head, turns, and confronts St. Nicholas (Line 32) emerging from chimney. Reader pauses for tableau: Daughter either clapping hands and dancing, or clasping hands in ecstasy of surprise and joy.

The next fourteen lines give a description of St. Nicholas, during which he bows and scrapes to Daughter, who returns his greeting. The couple, if capable, may indulge in a noiseless dance about the room here, should it be desirable to lengthen the entertainment.

St. Nicholas then tiptoes to bed, bends over children, blowing them each a kiss, and waves hand to Mother. Daughter follows his movements, holding up finger warningly when he leans over children, and, if she has the ability, laughingly mimicking his waddling walk. At Line 47, ("A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,") he turns and sees her, and laughs and shakes his head good-naturedly. At Line 48, he goes to chimney-piece,

followed by Daughter, and taking toys, etc., from pack, fills stockings. Daughter notices each gift with appropriate by-play. Reader pauses in middle of Line 50, till work is done. St. Nicholas then turns quickly, lays finger aside of nose, nods, and waves good-bye to Daughter and audience, and scrambles up chimney.

Daughter rushes to window and leans far out, waving hand and throwing kisses. Pattering of hoofs, whistles, whip-cracks, jingling of bells, begin as if near at hand, and gradually die away. Curtain falls to gay Christmas music, or to such an instrumental selection as "The Merry Sleigh-ride," beginning *piano*, rising to *fortissimo*, and dying away again.

This little pantomime, though very simple, needs a good deal of practice to suit the action to the reading. The part of St. Nicholas is an easy one: but that of Daughter requires some ability in gesture, facial expression, and facility of movement. Mother sleeps quietly through scene, but children may move and toss a little to give room for by-play of Daughter—fear lest they waken, etc. The tester for curtains of old-fashioned bed may easily be made by attaching uprights (laths) and cross-pieces to any four-posted bedstead. The trundle-bed must be very low, as it is supposed to be kept under large bedstead by day. The warming-pan, if not the reality, may be fashioned from heavy cardboard, beaver board, or leather-board, covered with gilt paper to imitate brass, and provided with a wooden handle or a stout one of paper rolled like a lamplighter. If there is no suitable window in room where play is given, a disused window can be found somewhere, fixed in a frame at proper height from floor, and sheets fastened about it to represent white wall. In this case bright chintz curtains should be used.

It is to be remembered that though the noises off-stage—bells, hoofs, whistles, whip-cracks—must be plainly heard, they must not be so loud as to obscure the reader's voice.





## THREE LITTLE KITTENS

## CHARACTERS

Reader

Mother Cat

Rat (Unseen)

Three Kittens



## THREE LITTLE KITTENS

*An Action-Poem in Four Scenes, Based on a Famous Classic  
by an Unknown Author*

### SCENE I

Three little kittens, they lost their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
    *O mother dear,*  
    *We very much fear,*  
    *That we have lost our mittens.*  
Lost your mittens!  
You naughty kittens!  
Then you shall have no pie.  
    *Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,*  
No, you shall have no pie.  
    *Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.*

## SCENE II

The three little kittens, they found their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
    *O mother dear,*  
    *See here, see here!*  
*See! we have found our mittens.*  
    Put on your mittens,  
    You silly kittens,  
And you may have some pie.  
    *Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,*  
*O let us have the pie.*  
    *Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.*

## SCENE III

The three little kittens put on their mittens,  
And soon ate up the pie;  
    *O mother dear,*  
    *We greatly fear,*  
*That we have soiled our mittens.*  
    Soiled your mittens!  
    You naughty kittens!  
Then they began to sigh,  
    *Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,*  
Then they began to sigh,  
    *Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.*

## SCENE IV

The three little kittens, they washed their mittens,  
And hung them out to dry;  
    *O mother dear,*  
    *Do you not hear,*  
*That we have washed our mittens?*



Washed your mittens!  
O, you're good kittens—  
But I smell a rat close by.  
*Hush! Hush! mee-ow, mee-ow,*  
*We smell a rat close by,*  
*Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.*

---

## CHARACTERS

Reader	Rat (Unseen)
Mother Cat	Three Kittens

## COSTUMES

*Reader*—Dressed as “Mother Goose.” Full cotton skirt to ankles (striped or plain), with panniers, and a small shawl (preferably plaid), over shoulders and crossed at waist. White stockings and buckled slippers. Large white cap (paper, if desired) with ruffles, tied under chin. Crutch and spectacles.

*Mother Cat and Kittens*—Two methods of costuming cat and kittens are given, so that the one more suitable to the ability and resources of the actors may be selected. A very pretty and cat-like effect may be produced by making Canton flannel hoods with pointed ears for the four actors; for the mother cat, a white hood with one black ear; for the kittens, one black, one white and one gray hood. These should be long enough to form a little cape over the shoulders. Mittens of same color must be provided, but may be made of the cloth. Each kitten wears a gay ribbon around her neck, tied in bow under chin. The mother cat wears spectacles and a small knitted shawl over shoulders and carries knitting.

If more time and skill can be spent on the costumes, each actor may wear a sleeping suit of some cheap material of colors mentioned, fitted on over underclothing. Mother cat has not only one black ear, but black spots (charcoal) on her fur, and wears black mittens. Long tails, stuffed with cotton, are fastened to suits, mother cat's tail being black.

Any ordinary stage setting is suitable, as the cats, although able to talk like human beings, have not yet set up housekeeping for themselves. If an ambitious scene is desired, however, the children who present the play may spend some days in sketching and boldly lettering the Cats famous in Nursery Literature, as “Puss in Boots,” the “Pussy-Cat who went to London,” “Pussicat, Passicat with a white foot,” the “Cat who came

fiddling out of a barn with a pair of bagpipes under her arm," etc., etc. These may adorn the walls of the feline dwelling.

The Reader, dressed as Mother Goose, comes hobbling on in front of curtain and recites the whole thrilling drama, with appropriate emphasis and gesture, then retires off stage and gives there, the first two lines of each verse and the eighth and tenth lines of the third verse, the Cat and Kittens giving theirs as indicated. The Kittens do all the mewling and purring and speak the remaining lines allotted to them. The last three *mews* are very soft on account of the near presence of the rat.

### SCENE I

Curtain rises and discloses Mother Cat, seated, knitting and wearing mittens. She has a table by her side holding a good-sized piece of cheese on a plate and a bunch of catnip in a vase, which she sniffs occasionally.

After a moment's silence to enjoy the picture, the Reader recites first line of the classic, off stage. At second line kittens come in slowly and sadly, giving their first three lines either alternately, or in concert, as desired. Mother Cat's three lines follow, she, rising from her chair and upbraiding kittens with lifted paw. At lines, "Then you shall have no pie," the kittens begin wiping their eyes and weeping, "*Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!*" but Cat shows no signs of relenting. *Curtain.*

### SCENE II

Same scene, with the exception of small table covered with white cloth in center of stage with a large pie in middle, already cut in sections. Three small chairs in place. Cat moving about laying table with plates, knives, forks, etc.

First line given by the Reader, off stage. At second line kittens hurry in, joyfully holding up their mittens and give their first three lines. Cat beams with pleasure, pats and caresses them as she gives her lines and invites them to table, moving back chairs. They put on their mittens, take seats and Cat serves them to pie. They lift their pieces from plates with mittened hands and begin to eat with every sign of enjoyment, purring to the best of their ability as curtain falls.

### SCENE III

Curtain rises showing same scene, kittens still at table (pie disappeared), and mother seated knitting or reading. If reading, it should be a large book (paper, folded and sewed by the children) labelled "*The Rats' Progress.*" Kittens are mournfully regarding their mittens and one has already begun to sniff. Reader gives first two lines, off stage. At second line kittens rise from table and holding up mittens to mother to show their

condition, give their lines with sobs and sniffs. Mother rises in wrath, gives her two lines and comes toward kittens, as if intending punishment. They turn tails and run from stage, weeping sad "*Mee-ows!*" (Reader has two additional lines, 8th and 10th, in this verse.) *Curtain*, as Cat stands in amazement, paws lifted, eyes raised, at the behavior of her erring children.

## SCENE IV

Same scene, with dining-table removed and three chairs or stools at back, on which stand three little tubs or bowls furnished with small washboards. Clothes-line hung in suitable place. Two Kittens washing and third hanging mittens on line as curtain rises. Cat asleep in large chair, knitting having fallen to floor. All mittens are being hung on line as Reader gives first two lines and Kittens turn, facing mother, as they make their announcement. She begins to wake at first line and continues drowsily waking, rubbing eyes and picking up knitting through next two lines. Thoroughly awake, rises and gives her first two lines in joyful voice. At close of second line, pauses and starts dramatically. Kittens copy her gesture exactly. Cat leans forward and listens, paw behind ear. Kittens imitate exactly. One kitten uses wrong paw and another cuffs her lightly and shows mistake.

Cat gives her last line in hushed and impressive voice, "*But I smell a rat close by!*"

Kittens follow:

*Hush! Hush! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!*  
*We smell a rat close by!*  
*Mee-ow! Mee-ow! Mee-ow!*

Cat joins in last three "Mee-ows!" while rustling and scratching of Rat is heard without.

(*Curtain.*)





THE BABES IN THE WOODS

## CHARACTERS

The Story-teller  
The Two Babes  
Children  
The Two Robins  
Mother



## THE BABES IN THE WOOD

*(Variation on Old Theme)*

*A diminutive pantomime in five diminutive scenes, with a  
diminutive recitation as prologue*

### PROLOGUE

“My dears, do you know,  
How a long time ago,  
Two poor little children,  
Whose names I don’t know,  
Were stolen away on a fine summer’s day,  
And left in a wood, as I’ve heard people say.



“And when it was night,  
So sad was their plight!  
The sun it went down,  
And the moon gave no light!  
They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly cried,  
And the poor little things, they lay down and died.

“And when they were dead,  
The robins so red,  
Brought strawberry leaves  
And over them spread;  
And all the day long,  
They sang them this song:  
‘Poor babes in the wood! Poor babes in the wood!  
Oh, don’t you remember the babes in the wood?’ ”

## SCENE I

Well, that is the tale  
You’ll hear without fail  
About those poor children  
Forsaken and frail;  
But different the story my mother told me  
And very much better, as you will agree.

## SCENE II

They were stolen away  
On that fine summer’s day,  
By some neighbouring children  
Who took them to play  
In the wood where the birds and the squirrels reside,  
And under the toadstools the fairies abide.

## SCENE III

'Tis true the Babes sighed  
And they bitterly cried,  
But false, I assure you,  
To say that they died;  
When lone and deserted, they gave up their play,  
And under the pine trees they nestled away.

## SCENE IV

'Tis true robins red  
Spied each little head  
And leaves of the strawberry  
Over them spread,  
And so the lost babies slept cosy and warm  
And robins were watching to keep them from harm.

## SCENE V

When rose up the sun  
They wakened each one  
And then the kind robins,—  
Their labour was done;  
So homeward they led the small sister and brother  
And brought them all safe to the arms of their mother.  
Glad Babes in the Wood! Glad Babes in the Wood!  
The good Robins saved them! Dear Babes in the Wood!

---

CHARACTERS

The Story-teller	The Two Robins (More, if desired)
The Two Babes (Boy and Girl)	Mother
Children (As many or as few as desired)	

## COSTUMES

*The Story-teller*—Grandmother's costume. Black or gray dress, white apron and collar or fichu, white cap, white hair and spectacles.

*The Two Babes*—Quaint, old-fashioned costumes would be desirable and effective. For the girl, a short-waisted dress, white or pale blue, buttoned behind, with round neck, cut a little low; long, full sleeves, and long, full skirt to ankle, white stockings and slippers. For the boy, short waist buttoned behind, with tight trousers, figured or plain, buttoned on to it and reaching half-way to ankle. Rather low neck with wide white ruffle, white stockings and ankle-ties. If these costumes are too difficult, let the girl wear a white dress (Kate Greenaway style) with wide straw hat trimmed with flowers and floating ribbons, and boy a long Russian blouse (crêpe paper) of light blue, over white trousers.

*The Two Robins*—These birds (who must be very small children) wear red, sleeveless waistcoats (strips of Turkey red cotton or crêpe paper, with holes cut for arms) and dark, hooded capes reaching the floor to represent back and wings. They should wear no shoes, keep their arms under their capes and practise the robin's hop and chirp. There may be other robins in the flock, if desired, who may bring leaves and help to cover the lost children.

*Children*—Some of the girls carry straw hats in their hands and some carry or wear sunbonnets (crêpe paper); some carry hoops and skipping-ropes and all wear light dresses; the boys wear no hats and carry bows and arrows, or bouncing balls. One has a fishing rod and two are harnessed and driven by a third. Costumes must follow those selected for Babes.

*Mother*—This character appears but once, when she welcomes children at end of pantomime. Costume must follow style selected for Babes and harmonize in color with their dresses. It will be effective if she arranges her hair in "Evangeline" style and wears a hooded cape dropping from shoulders. (Crêpe paper.)

## PROLOGUE

Stage set as ordinary room with but few articles of furniture, as all must be removed for forest scenes.

Grandmother seated in large, high-backed chair in center of stage with child leaning against her, face upturned, listening to the story of the Babes in the Wood. Any one of the children who entice the Babes to the forest may take this part, selecting, if possible, one of expressive face, who can listen picturesquely. Grandmother recites the old verses, with the modern additions, and child at end, hearing that Babes reach home safely, claps hands and laughs and grandmother bends over to kiss her.

(*Curtain.*)

## SCENE I

Same room with two small chairs on which Babes sit. The girl is either knitting, making patchwork, or sewing a long white seam, and boy reading large picture book. Enter, after a few minutes of silence, the flock of children and coax the Babes to go with them, pointing out of doors and showing playthings. Babes finally agree, throw down work and book and skip off stage. If stage is large enough all join hands, and dance once around, leaving in line, hands joined.

(Suitable music here.)

(*Curtain.*)

## SCENE II

Stage set with small trees (in stands) here and there to represent forest. Stands covered with boughs. Artificial birds in branches and warbling heard behind scenes as curtain rises. Enter Babes slowly, hands joined, heads down, weary and depressed. Girl is wiping eyes with handkerchief. She turns to boy, indicates fatigue and aching head and points to ground as if wishing to lie down. Boy assents, smooths place and helps her down, arranging her dress and patting her. She half rises to put arms around his neck and kiss him. He sits by her side to watch, looking anxiously in every direction. Begins to nod, and finally falls to side of girl, asleep, and leaning against her. Tableau, while birds off stage continue to warble.

## SCENE III

Curtain rises to show sleeping Babes. Soon a robin enters, right, spies Babes, hops around them to inspect and hurries off, chirping, to call mate, who enters and goes through same pantomime. Other robins then enter, if desired. Soon all hop off and return, each bearing strawberry leaf in his mouth. (Large green paper leaves, which children can easily make, shape of strawberry leaf, but large as the hand.) They go and come till children are covered and then, flapping wings and chirping with joy, leave stage.

(Reinecke's "When the Little Children Sleep," or other suitable lullaby, is sung as curtain falls.)

## SCENE IV

Curtain rises to show Babes still asleep, but slowly waking. Rub eyes, sit up, show surprise at leaves, and still half covered, lean over and kiss each other good-morning. Robins enter while Babes are still seated and

cluster about them, chirping. Babes rise and follow robins who hop from stage, left, plainly inviting children to come with them.

*(Curtain.)*

#### SCENE V

Same wood with mother standing left, shading eyes with hand and anxiously looking for children. Babes enter right, running, and hurry to mother's arms. She kneels to embrace them. Robins follow, and stand in little group, right, nodding heads and flapping wings as if with joy.

*(Curtain.)*



## THE MUFFETS AND THE SPIDER

## CHARACTERS

Miss Muffet

Master Muffet

Spider

Reader

Sisters, Brothers





ANNE MERRIMAN PECK

## THE MUFFETS AND THE SPIDER

*How it all ended*

*A Drama in Six Verses and Four Tableaux*

“Little Miss Muffet  
She sat on a tuffet  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a great spider  
And sat down beside her  
And frightened Miss Muffet away.”

### TABLEAU I

*Miss Muffet and the Spider*

She waited a certain  
Time back of the curtain,  
Then came out in battle array;  
For she brought *Master* Muffet  
To give "Spide" a buffet,  
His slyness and greed to repay.

Then came all the others,  
Their Sisters and Brothers,  
Delighted to witness the fray;  
They saw Spider battered,  
The bowl of curds shattered,  
'Twas "donder und blitzen" that day!

## TABLEAU II

### *The Combat*

---

All laughter and prattle,  
They witnessed the battle,  
Till Spider a-perishing lay;  
Then set *Master* Muffet  
Aloft on that tuffet  
And crowned him with laurel and bay.

And where was the Sister?  
I'm glad you have missed her,  
Miss Muffet, so sweet and so gay!  
Her pride in her brother  
She scarcely could smother,  
Her gratitude words couldn't say.

## TABLEAU III

### *Death of the Spider*

So singing and dancing,  
Away they went prancing,  
A march was commanded to play;  
And knowing the Spider  
No longer beside her,  
Miss Muffet tripped gaily as they.

## TABLEAU V

*March of Victory*

## CHARACTERS

Miss Muffet	Spider
Master Muffet	Reader
Sisters, Brothers (As many as desired)	

## COSTUMES

This little drama is so brief a one and so without reference to time or place that costuming need not be mentioned, save that "dressing-up" always constitutes a large part of the fun and excitement for the children. Whether it is played in school or nursery they can fashion their own costumes from paper, or from borrowed finery, if a few suggestions are given them. The traditional dress of Miss Muffet in the "Mother Goose" books is a long skirt to the ankles, of some bright color, a low-necked, short-sleeved white chemisette and a black velvet bodice. A fancy apron is also sometimes seen in the illustrations.

*Master Muffet* may be made grand by a crêpe paper mantle hanging from the shoulders, a jaunty paper cap with a long feather and a wooden sword, or long spear covered with gilt paper. He may enter on foot, brandishing this weapon, or upon a gallant hobby-horse.

*Sisters and Brothers*—Long skirts give so much joy to little girls and cocked hats or feathered caps to boys that they may be allowed these adornments.

*Spider*—The body of this ferocious animal may be made of dark gray cambric and well stuffed with bits of torn newspaper. An old umbrella frame will provide him with legs, the wires properly bent with tweezers and wound with yarn to give a hairy effect. His eyes are large button-moulds covered and stuffed, and to give a proper effect his body should be made the size of an ordinary wash-bowl.

A bit of wood drilled with a hole through which a cord is passed is fastened to the ceiling and attached to the Spider, whose movements are directed off stage. A ceiling light over which the cord is thrown will do as well, of course.

*Reader*—As advised in the other action-poems in this volume, the Reader may be dressed as Mother Goose, or one of the actors in the drama may give the lines before the curtain rises.

*Properties*—A large bowl and spoon for the curds and whey, a sword or spear for Master Muffet, a wreath for his head, a banner stretched between two poles, and the "tuffet," which is a low stool, cushion, cricket, hassock or anything of that kind.

## TABLEAU I

### MISS MUFFET AND THE SPIDER

Curtain rises, discovering Miss Muffet seated on tuffet, center stage, bowl in lap, eating her curds and whey. Spider is held close to ceiling by cord and gradually lowered until Miss Muffet sees him, when she starts in horror, jumps up, drops bowl, and runs off stage, covering eyes from the dreadful sight. A lump of soft dough in bowl will serve for curds, over which Spider is gloating as curtain falls.

## TABLEAU II

### THE COMBAT

Miss Muffet enters, shows Brother the Spider and steps aside to watch the fight, clasping her hands in horror and now and then wiping her eyes. If Master Muffet enters on foot he should be accompanied by two Squires, also with weapons; if on horseback his entry will be sufficiently impressive if he comes alone. Spider sees Master M. and attempts to draw himself up to ceiling. Deadly combat follows, which must be well rehearsed to be effective. Curtain falls while it is still in progress.

## TABLEAU III

### DEATH OF THE SPIDER

Curtain rises while combat is still going on and Sisters and Brothers rush in, the former grouping themselves about Miss M., fanning her, etc., while she weeps upon their shoulders. Spider finally falls and Brothers dash forward, place Master M. on tuffet—(if not high enough, set tuffet on chair,) place wreath on head and with military salutes leave him enthroned and group about him. Sisters follow and kneel before him in admiration.

## TABLEAU IV

## MARCH OF VICTORY

Music of a triumphal march begins,—("See, the Conquering Hero Comes!" is appropriate) and procession enters. It is headed by two boys carrying a banner which is a wide strip of cloth or paper, stretched between two poles and lettered "*Death to Spiders!*"

Next comes a stalwart boy bearing the body of the Spider, dangling from the end of a long pole.

Master M. follows, carried by two boys on their crossed hands and Miss M. comes next, waving a flag. After her all the Sisters enter marching in pairs and then the Brothers, single file, keeping time to the music with as many drums, triangles, tambourines, castanets, combs, concertinas and horns, as can be collected in the neighborhood.

After a march around the stage a grand tableau is posed, Master M. in the center, the banner held above his head by its bearers, Miss M. at his side, his arm protectingly around her, and the other actors grouped effectively about the hero and heroine of the drama.



















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Little Lucia  
- Robinson

Lois M. Peane

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Smith  
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